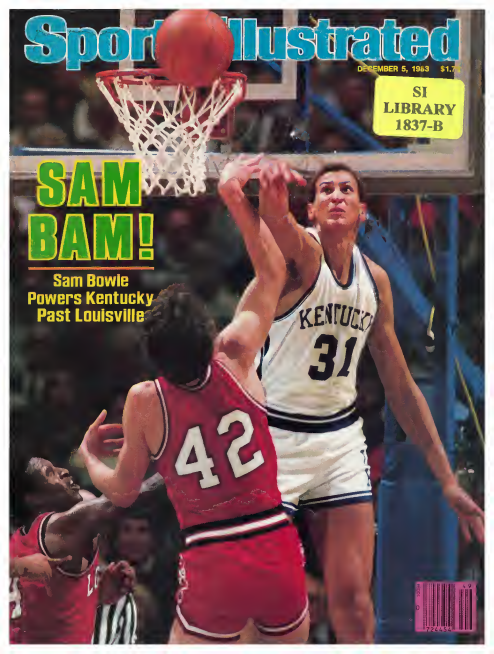


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LEADING OFF



44

Above is where Finnish world champ Matti Nykänen goes to get a lift, but there was no rousing this Middle during Navy's ysmner over Army. Former baker Eric Terwilliger found time to loaf, too, during the U.S. luge team's European tour.

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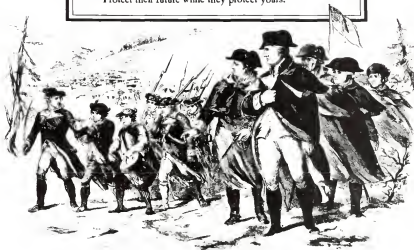
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Sideline

by BILL KILKENNY

HOW DID SOCCER GET ITS NAME? WELL, IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH SOCKS

The source of the name of the game—almost any game—is usually easy to figure out. You would be correct, for instance, if, knowing nothing about football, you were to deduce that the game involves contact between ball and foot. Similarly, the unschooled could make some pretty good guesses about racquetball, basketball and handball.

Now take a shot at soccer. *Soccus* in Latin and *socc* in Old English refer to a light shoe and are related to "sock." And, if you were to consult the authoritative *Oxford English Dictionary*, you would learn that soccer was originally spelled "socker." You might figure the name for soccer is linked to foot-related words.

And you would be wrong. There is no connection.

Before I reveal the source, let's take a look at the related game of rugby. Rugby started off as a charming village in England called Hroca's Burg. Several centuries ago, the village became Rocheberie and then Rokebi. But one mispronunciation led to another, and pretty soon everybody called the town Rugby. Later, the famous Rugby School was created.

In 1823, William Webb Ellis, a student at Rugby School, was playing a form of football in which the ball could be handled as long as the participant didn't move his feet. Ellis, out of frustration, picked up the ball and hauled it over the goal line. Ellis' action soon became an accepted practice and was identified with the school as the "Rugby game."

What Rugby became famous for was a rough-and-tumble version of "football," which, like most other things, had been passed along by the Greeks and Romans. Eventually, the game's rules were standardized, the size of the field and the shape of the ball were established and the sport became known as rugby football, ruggar for short.

But many Englishmen did not like the rugby form of football. They favored the earlier, gentler game, in which physical contact was minimized and coordination and cooperation were emphasized. And so, in 1863, an organization was formed to codify the rules for their game. It was called, simply, the Football Association. The game it governed was known as association football (to distinguish it from rugby football); it became abbreviated to "assoc. football" in print and was probably pronounced "soc football."

And, in much the same way that rugby football had become known as ruggar, soc football became known as soccer. But, even so, it is popularly called football in Europe and other places where American-style football has been rare, if not unknown. The name "soccer" is used mostly in the U.S. and Canada.

Despite the trouble it has had catching on in the United States, soccer is the most popular spectator sport in the world, drawing crowds totaling hundreds of millions every year. You might even say it's had a lot of sock.

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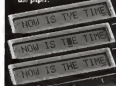
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BOOKTALK

by RICHARD ROGIN

FOR TRACK AND FIELD NUTS, THE LITTLE GREEN BOOK PUTS IT ALL IN A NUTSHELL

One of the enlightening books in the track and field aficionado's traveling library is a small green paperback crammed with metric distance conversions and the basic rules of the sport, which occasionally achieve an enigmatic, Zenlike grace, e.g., "It is not necessary to cross the finish line, only to reach it."

The pocket-size book, now in its fourth edition, has a long-winded title that pretty much sums up its contents: *Track & Field News' Little Green Book with Metric Conversion Tables, Decathlon Tables and Other Essential Data for the Track Fan, Coach and Official* (Track & Field News, Box 296, Los Altos, Calif. 94022, \$6.25, including postage and handling).

For track nuts, the heart of the 80-page book is numbers and more numbers, pages and pages of conversions of metric measurements to feet and inches and decathlon and heptathlon scoring tables. When your local newspaper blandly reported last summer that Tyke Peacock high-jumped 2.33 meters in West Berlin for an American record, you could have solved the mystery by looking up 2.33 meters in the conversion table and finding out that it equaled 7' 7 1/2".

Consider the penchant in high schools for running 1,600 meters, a distance only 10 yards, eight inches short of a truly satisfying mile. The *Little Green Book* supplies a "rough conversion factor" of plus 1.4 seconds, or a multiplier of 1.0059, to help high school runners come up with what their mile time might have been.

Among other essential data, the book contains a pacing table and sections on the effects of wind and altitude; variations between hand and automatic timing; the distance added by running wide; and breakers of significant statistical barriers, such as the 60-foot shotput (60' 5 1/2", by Parry O'Brien, U.S., 1954).

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PALACE COUP IN THE BASEBALL UNION: MOFFETT OUT, MILLER IN

In a stunning move, the Major League Players Association last week fired Executive Director Ken Moffett and temporarily replaced him with his predecessor, Marvin Miller. No single event triggered the dismissal, but players cited an erosion of confidence in Moffett's toughness, persistence and leadership. As Montreal Pitcher Steve Rogers, the National League pension representative, said to SI's Jim Kaplan, "The process of educating the members hadn't been followed as diligently as it should have been. There was a lack of direction."

But the real cause may have been the clash of styles and philosophies between Moffett and Miller. From the time he assumed office in 1966 until his retirement last January, Miller was a quintessential hard-liner. Baseball management was anything but compassionate, and negotiations became pitched battles. When Moffett, the former director of the federal mediation service, replaced Miller's firmness with conciliatory overtures, the players saw red. So, apparently, did Miller, who was still involved with the MLPA as a consultant and who presumably became disenchanted with the way Moffett was running things. The players wondered if Moffett had the stomach to fight for the retention of their free-agent and arbitration rights and the historical formula for funding the pension plan from TV revenues—all of which could be issues in contract negotiations next year. "What is a union leader, an advocate or a mediator?" asked one association member. Suddenly, the mediator was out, the advocate back in.

In recalling Miller, the players no doubt assumed that management will be as obdurate as ever. However, Mof-



Miller (top) retired last January but took over again when Moffett was ousted.

fett says that at his urging the owners appointed a more congenial man (it turned out to be American League President Lee MacPhail) as their chief negotiator to replace the often difficult Ray Grebey. Moffett felt he could work with—not against—MacPhail and members of baseball's new guard, particularly Oakland President Roy Eisenhardt.

Moffett and Miller have had differing approaches to the issues of drug and alcohol abuse by players. Image-conscious baseball officials have reacted to such malefactions by enacting suspensions and fines—and the union has filed grievances. Under Moffett, a joint committee of players and owners had been formed to devise a system to deal with the problem. This cooperative approach is said to have disturbed General Counsel Donald Fehr (an old Miller

associate who is expected to be named acting executive director of the association next month) and Special Assistant Mark Belanger, although it was the players' executive board that fired Moffett. Moffett blames Miller for his ouster.

"Drugs aren't a win-lose type of situation," argues Moffett. "There are kids who are messed up and need help, and there are ways to do this sort of confrontation. You can't go to the mat on every issue. My sense was that management was making an effort to be conciliatory. I felt this was the way to go, instead of to the brink. I think things will now go back to being confrontational. That's wrong, especially in this day and age when there are so many Greyhound situations, so many air-traffic-controller situations, so many National Football League situations. I think it's about time people came to their senses."

CONTINUED

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BUZZIN' AROUND

The Miami Dolphins' defense, nicknamed the Killer Bees (for Doug Betters, Bob Baumhauer, Bob Brudzinski, Kim Bokamper, Charles Bowser, Lyle Blackwood and Glenn Blackwood), has come up with a new name for its sacks: B's Whacks.

ALUMNI ROLL CALL

The 1963 Pitt football team, which had a 9-1 record, was honored during the Panthers' homecoming game this year. According to a Pitt press release, the '63 Panthers have been as successful in life as they were on the gridiron, producing 15 dentists, three physicians, a chiropractor, six educators, five engineers, three law-

along with other numbers, such as Eddie Shore's No. 2 and Bobby Orr's No. 4. Dit's daughter, Mrs. Marilyn Clapper Armstrong, protested. In fact, she came all the way from her home in Waterloo, Ontario to Boston to protest—and couldn't get in to see the Bruins' brass. But she did see Mrs. Weston Adams Sr., widow of the longtime Bruins president, and talked to members of the press, who took up her campaign. Orr even asked that his No. 4 be reassigned to Lapointe instead of Clapper's No. 5.

The Bruins gave in last week, assigning Lapointe No. 27 and putting No. 5 back in mothballs.

SPARSE AND HARRY

Two pillars of American angling, Sparse Grey Hackle, 90, and Harry Darbee, 77, died within a few days of each other last month. Senior Writer Robert H. Boyle wries of them with affection:

A Wall Street publicist and writer whose real name was Alfred W. Miller, Sparse Grey Hackle adopted his nom de pêche in 1931 when he wrote about the pollution of the Beaverkill, the fabled Catskill trout stream he and Harry often fished. Sparse was portly and courtly, a bespectacled gentleman of the old school who would appear on a stream in baggy waders, rod in hand, pipe in mouth, checkered tweed hat on head and a benevolent smile wreathing his rubicund face. After a reporter wrote that Sparse looked like "God the Father savoring the joys of an afternoon on the water," he replied, "I've had people say, 'J—C—, is that you?' but this is the first time I was ever elevated to five-star rank." Sparse often referred disparagingly to his own writings. "Thanks for your forbearance in not sinking the spurs into this jaded hack," he once wrote to a reviewer—but critics bestowed the highest praise on his 1971 book *Fishless Days, Angling Nights*. The review that pleased Sparse the most was that done as a high school term paper by his grandson, Steven A. Toulotie, who wrote, "I know the author well, he is a good friend of mine." Sparse said, "I liked that. Kids can't select their grandparents, but they sure can choose their friends."

Harry Darbee was a flytier (as was his late wife, Elsie) in direct line of apostolic succession from the sainted Theodore Gordon, the Catskill recluse who introduced dry flies to the United States in the

1890s. Harry had a snub nose, high forehead and white pompadour that gave him the look of a pre-Revolutionary Russian playwright. As a boy he was a neighbor of John Burroughs, and he accompanied the elderly writer and naturalist in search of birds' nests. Harry derived from Burroughs his approach to nature, which he pungently summed up as "Leave it the hell alone." He engaged spiritedly in numerous conservation battles. Told that New York City and state politicians had reached a "gentleman's agreement" on diversion of the flow from a trout stream, Harry said, "But how could that be? There were no gentlemen present." Harry was the creator of such legendary flies as the Rat-faced McDougall, which got its unusual name from a young girl who thought the fly had "personality," and he was such a perfectionist when it came to his choice of tying materials that he raised his own chickens for their feathers, or "hackle," in flytying argot. As his old friend Sparse Grey Hackle used to say, "It's a good thing Harry doesn't run a restaurant. If you asked for a slice of bread, he'd go out and plant the wheat."

CANADIAN WEATHER REPORT

The Montreal Expos already have the talented Tim Lincecum in leftfield, and next spring they'll be taking a look at another promising outfielder, a rookie named Razor Shines. Michael Farber, a *Montreal Gazette* columnist, is rooting hard for the youngster because, says Farber, if he makes it "leftfield will be covered, come Raines or come Shines."

On the other hand, if the Expos drop Razor from the team's big league roster, that, for Farber, will be the most unkindest cut of all.

THEY SAID IT

• Moses Malone, Philadelphia 76ers center, on the presence in the NBA of the Houston Rockets' towering 7'4" rookie center, Ralph Sampson: "My advice to Ralph is to gain weight, like I did. I started in the NBA at 215 and now I'm 260. That ought to take Ralph five years, and by then I'll be out of the league."

• Willie Alexander, retired Houston Oilers cornerback, asked at the age of 34 if he was planning a comeback a la Jim Brown: "Not me I haven't been gone long enough to forget what the pain feels like."



yers, four executives, a banker, two NFL assistant coaches, a college coach, two stockbrokers—and a bookmaker. About that last fellow, the press release conceded, "Well, Pitt isn't perfect."

DON'T DO DAT TO OIT

When the Boston Bruins acquired veteran defenseman Guy Lapointe this season, they acceded to his request and gave him No. 5, the same number he'd worn earlier with the Montreal Canadiens and the St. Louis Blues. Simple enough. However, No. 5 was a sacred Bruin number, one that belonged to the late Dit Clapper, a great Boston player of decades past, and it had long since been retired,

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The Big Cat Came To Play

Sam Bowie did everything but score a basket as Kentucky blew out Louisville in the rivalry that wasn't—but now is

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

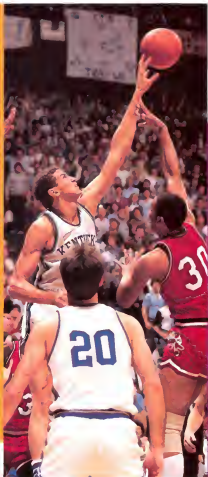


Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 5, 1983



Bowie was boss under the hoop and above the rim, made fancy passes, blocked five shots and scattered all kinds of bodies.



CONTINUED

Well, Louisville, as Art Baker used to say on television. You asked for it. You wanted this regular-season game with Kentucky, shouted for it, pleaded, demanded that it take place not just every sixth decade or so but once every year. Now that you've gone down Interstate 64 to open the season against the boys from the big state U., now that you've finally played the game you wanted so badly, how does it feel? You happy? Satisfied? Fulfilled? What about it, Cardinals? ... Cards? ... Hey, Louisville, you still alive?

No one would have been surprised if Coach Denny Crum and his smallish and depleted Cardinals had requested smelling salts last Saturday night after the huge and experienced Wildcats, whom Louisville had knocked out of the NCAA tournament last season in a classic resumption of a puzzling kind of nonrivalry, exacted some revenge in a 65-44 wipeout. Or continued some regular-season domination. Take your pick. The last time these Commonwealth schools met in a scheduled game was on Jan. 21, 1922. Score: Kentucky 29, Louisville 22. By the time the Cards had 22 on Saturday, the Cats had 39, there were still nearly 17 minutes left in the game,



For one night only, the center of the Commonwealth was midcourt at Lexington's Rupp Arena.

and Sam Bowie hadn't even scored a basket yet.

He still hasn't, but no big deal. The old Bowie, that 7' 1" fellow who terrorized the SEC as a freshman and sophomore from 1979 to '81, played center and floated along the baselines and through the keys, shooting at will. This new Bowie looks the same—same height and lunk, same *café au lait* skin and delicate features—but this guy shoots more like Jim Bowie or Bowie Kuhn or David Bowie or Ziggy Stardust. And he isn't playing center. Instead, he stays far away from the basket, handles the ball, gets assists and helps break the press. On defense he denies the entry pass and overplays out on the floor and still finds a way to deflect loose balls and bang inside and block shots. This Bowie unloaded three horrible clangers against Louisville, but he also made seven of eight free throws and had 10 rebounds, five assists, five blocks and three steals in about as impressive a floor performance as a man finally coming off a two-year layoff from severe shinbone injuries could possibly hope to expect. Sam's shinbone must be connected to his gut bone, which must be con-

nected to his heart. So *Ler's Dance*.

Dance was what the Wildcats' awe-inspiring front line did all over the visitors' perplexed noggins in the process of scoring 13 straight points late in the first half and in taking a 35-20 lead at intermission, which effectively ended the mismatch early. Kentuckians already have a name for this crew of 6' 8" Kenny (Sky) Walker, who had 13 points against Louis-



Hall (left) was backed into a corner, but the walls came down on Denny the Crumbler.



Tenber! Dipper Turpin cut a path to the hoop through the limbs of Manuel Forrest.

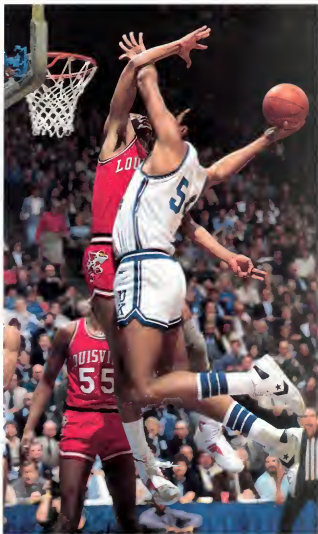
ville, Bowie and 6' 11" Mel (Big Dipper) Turpin, who had 16 points and nine rebounds. Unfortunately, the name is Sky-Suma-Dippa. So much for originality. Anyway, that moniker doesn't take into account the off-the-bench contributions of a 6' 7" glaring monster named Winston Bennett, a sledgehammer of a freshman who slashed and pounded the Cardinals enough—remember, we are talking Louisville here, not Marist or somebody—to accumulate seven harmful rebounds and four hurtful fouls. Call him Sir Winston and get out of the way. Credit Bennett, too, with bestowing upon the Cats a new, more aggressive spirit. "No more Mr. Kentucky nice guys," said Guard Jim Master. "We've got the mean streak now."

The last time Kentucky appeared so physical, so frightening, so mean was in 1977-78, when the last NCAA championship team in Lexington was criticized by some opposing coaches for playing, ah, dirty. Wait until they get a load of Bennett. "There's probably more personality to this team than any we've had since '78," says Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall. "I can hold Winston up as an example." Bennett already has had a punch-up with Bowie in practice. A proud Hall has made the Cats practice defense with their hands behind their backs lest they kill one another.

The aggressive Kentucky D—a man-to-man that was previously thought to be too sluggish to cope with Louisville's quickness—dominated Saturday's proceedings from the beginning as the Cardinals' normally distinguished backcourt of Lancaster Gordon and Milt Wagner suddenly came undone. Gordon and Wagner had scored 18 baskets between them against Kentucky last March but managed only six this time as Master, alongside either Roger Harden or James Blackmon—another outrageously talented freshman who's the point guard of the future—threw up some tenacious coverage outside.

Nor could Louisville, which desperately missed the departed-to-the-pros Rodney and Scooter McCray, get anything done down low either. Center

continued



Charles Jones was a non-factor, while Forward Billy Thompson, the much-heralded sophomore from Camden, N.J. seemed more than ever a figment of some Garden State press agent's imagination. The Cards needed 22-52 in the middle of the game to score all of 12 points.

As a team Kentucky had 12 steals and seven blocked shots and forced 20 turnovers. "They took us out of our offense, played us for the jump shot on the drive," said Gordon. "Kentucky pushed but the pushes were clean. They used their bodies well, which is the mark of a good team."

And an imposing one. "The Cards looked intimidated," said Master, who led all scorers with 19 points. "Milt and Caster didn't seem to want to get involved. They seemed out to lunch."

The irony of the slaughter was that this game was Crum's baby all the way, or ever since he pulled up his UCLA roots and descended



Hall uncaged a couple of ferocious specimens in freshmen Blackmon (above) and Sir Winston (left).



upon the bluegrass 12 years ago. Crum has pushed and prodded and taunted for a UK-UL series. He has been so vocal about it, University of Kentucky traditionalists took to calling him Denny the Crumb. Then Louisville, a perennial power, started winning as never before—and won the 1980 national championship. And on March 26, 1983—good lord, bartender, make that bourbon a double—it beat Kentucky in the NCAA Midwest Regional final. That did it. "The

Louisville force went from benign to malignant to political," says Mark Bradley of the *Lexington Herald-Leader*. "The walls came crumbin' down. The man became Denny the Crumbler."

If the Cards' 80-68 overtime victory over the Cats in March had been anything other than what it was—a panorama of courageous plays, stirring comebacks, rival cheerleaders linking arms, the governor and his lady dressed in the colors of both schools; sportsmanship, drama, congeniality, grace; in toto, one of the sports year's more glorious occasions—this "rivalry that never was," as Crum had dubbed it, might still be just a gleam in his eye.

What disturbed Crum wasn't so much that Kentucky refused to accept Louisville as an equal—Linda Evans presumably didn't welcome Joan Collins to *Dynasty* with open arms, either. Rather, Crum observed an autocratic, sneering attitude coming from Kentucky partisans, and others observed a bit of bigotry as well. "Part of it is prejudice," Steve Crum, the coach's 22-year-old son, has said. "They still look down on us and say, 'All your guys are black.' It's ridiculous. They've got black players, too."

Two years ago, when a pre-season publication wished to pose Kentucky and Louisville players together on the steps of the Capitol in Frankfort, Crum was more than willing but Hall refused to cooperate. This summer, after the schools finally agreed to play, Louisville Athletic Director Bill Olsen proposed that the announcement be made at the governor's office. His Kentucky counterpart, A.D. Cliff Hagan, refused. When Olsen recommended Shelbyville as a neutral site, Hagan wanted to know if that town was closer to Lexington or Louisville. The result was that Olsen consulted the AAA auto club and determined the exact halfway point—which turned out to be a cow pasture off U.S. 60.

Ultimately, concurrent news confer-

ences were held in Lexington and Louisville to announce the four-year home-and-home series—something Hall never thought would happen when he went before his university's athletics association board in April to speak against the rivalry. Playing such games would erode UK's "unique border-to-border support," Hall suggested. "The one unifying force in this state is Kentucky basketball," he said, conveniently forgetting Colonel Sanders' extra crispy.

If Hall were Barbra Streisand, this would be called chutzpah. As it was, the board repudiated Hall, voting 12-5 to order Hagan to negotiate terms for the series. "We have something somebody wants, and there's apparently nothing we can do to prevent somebody from taking it," said Hagan, spreading the paranoia.

Crum: "I'm disappointed Joe didn't want this game. Regardless, this is what's right. It's good for basketball, and that means it's good for both Kentucky and Louisville."

Louisville's Olsen perceived the game as an event replete with parties, coaches' clinics, maybe a concert or dance—a basketball bowl to be played on New Year's weekend or Super Bowl Sunday. Hagan scoffed at "peripheral issues. We're controlling our home dates. We don't have parades or fashion shows at our basketball games." The buckshot flew across the DMZ for two months before an agreement was chiseled on three key issues: Game dates would be before the start of SEC and Metro Conference play; there would be Big Ten referees and no tickets worth talking about for the visiting school. Kentucky allotted Louisville all of 100 tickets. When Cardinal Assistant Coach Wade Houston was asked in Friday practice about Louisville's main worry, he motioned toward Rupp Arena's then-empty 23,500 seats.

All week before the game, Hall was giving the impression that his team belonged in a hospital ward. Besides Bowie, Point Guard Dicky Beal had undergone arthroscopic knee surgery three times in the past six months. "The doctor said to go all out and not to overdo it," said Beal, whose logic apparently had been "scoped as well. Walker had recurring back spasms that caused him to miss three of four preseason scrimmages. Bennett had sprained his ankle in a Thanksgiving night workout. "I should go to practice with a stethoscope

and a white gown," moaned Hall.

Bowie's two-year recovery from the mysterious fractured left tibia—"not your basic broken leg," he said—involved casts, electrical stimulation, more casts, bone grafting and more casts. It was a frustrating, traumatic period also during which Bowie's 45-year-old father, Ben, a former player for the Harlem Magicians, died of a ruptured cyst in the lung, and one of Sam's best friends was killed in a car accident. Once it became clear that Bowie would return to action this season, Hall pleaded for patience from the fans and the media—while automatically inserting Bowie, a fifth-year senior, in the starting lineup and trumpeting him in the team's press guide as a player-of-the-year candidate.

Searching for "my competitive spirit," Bowie had been alternately polite and petulant off the floor, a contributor and a liability on it. "Sam's lost quite a bit," said Master before playing Louisville. "The talent's still there, but up in his mind... I don't know. He just gets so tired. First his shot goes, then everything falls apart."

In Kentucky's Nov. 22 exhibition against the Netherlands national team, a self-conscious, fumbling Bowie had four points and four turnovers in 20 minutes. Bowie recognized he was a mere shadow of the player who had ranked with Ralph Sampson as a high-schooler and had starred on the so-called 1980 U.S. Olympic team. "Sam knows the game. Sam knows when Sam plays bad," said Sam. "This is the worst I've ever played. I don't even deserve to start next time."

But start he did, and he played effectively, as did Walker and Bennett. Some decimated front line, Joe B. In the early going Bowie's main role was as a towering backcourt passing target against the ineffectual Cardinal press. "I wish we'd had him last March," Hall said. Then, more and more, Bowie bolstered the

defense, enabling Kentucky to build a 29-point lead and coast home.

"I would have liked to shoot a few free throws," said Crum, after Kentucky took 36 foul shots to Louisville's five, "but we just got whipped. We weren't ready and I knew it. Kentucky looked like it was in midseason form. The Cats are so deep. We were in the game until I substituted."

More realistically, until Bowie blocked a Jones driving dunk shot. That was on the first play of the game. "Sam is willing to sacrifice," Bowie said later. "You won't see much scoring from Sam with the supporting cast I have. I'm not down-playing the personnel we had three years ago, but the guys I'm surrounded with now are overwhelming."

And Sam certainly knows when Sam is overwhelmed.

END



Bowie's versatility knew no end as he played cheerleader at the end.



No Chip Off The Old Block

If Joe Frazier had made half as many mistakes in his 16-year pro boxing career as he has made while managing his son's fledgling career, he never would have gotten off the undercard, let alone attained the lofty status of undisputed heavyweight champion. Passing over the most obvious of Frazier's errors—sending his inexperienced son Marvis in to be destroyed by WBC heavyweight champ Larry Holmes in less than one round last Friday at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas—his most glaring misstep was his decision in November 1980 to fire George Benton

By wading in like his slugging dad, Marvis Frazier fell to Larry Holmes

by PAT PUTNAM

as Marvis' trainer and replace him with none other than Joe Frazier. Marvis is a tall (6' 1") and slender (200 pounds) boxer, a splendid blend of speed, defense and combination punching. He was, that is, until his father ordered him to forget all that sissy stuff.

Smokin' Joe won the heavyweights title in 1968 with an aggressive bobbing and weaving style that got him sufficiently close to his opponent to unload a hook powerful enough to rearrange the ribs of a rhino. He demanded no less assertive an approach from the Bible-reading,

23-year-old Marvis, who, as a puncher, couldn't knock down the price of a sarape in a Tijuana flea market.

It was pointed out to the elder—39, just five years older than Holmes—Frazier that while he's built like a tree stump, Marvis is constructed more like a sapling. "Sure don't mean nothin'," Joe retorted. "It's like a bee. A bee ain't built big but it still puts knots in your butt."

In the other camp, trainer Eddie Futch was worried; not for Holmes's well-being, but for that of Marvis, who was six when Futch met him. Futch, 72, trained the senior Frazier for all 12 of his title

stroyed, it could even end his career."

Sure, Marvis was undefeated in 10 pro fights, but since concluding a year-long bout with viral hepatitis in 1982, he'd fought only 27 rounds. And he had never fought a quality opponent. Over that same period, Holmes fought 68 rounds, all of them in title defenses, while running his record to 44-0. The fight seemed like a classic mismatch.

The attractiveness of the bout wasn't enriched when José Sulaimán, the generalissimo of the World Boxing Council, decreed that he would not recognize it as Holmes's 17th defense of his WBC title.

It was rumored that Sulaimán would have sanctioned the fight if Frazier, should he have won, had given the option on his first title defense to promoter Don King. But since the rumor was vehemently denied by all parties involved, there's no sense in repeating it.

Then Smokin' Joe committed his final error. He made Holmes angry. He made Holmes angry. Among other things, Joe said: "Larry makes too many mistakes. He used to work with me sparring, and I set him down every day. Guess he got tired of that because, as I remember, he took his money and went home."

Then Joe took off on Futch, saying, "He never did nothin' for me except collect 15 percent of my purse. Futch can't train nobody. He was just there to wipe me down."

Well-tuned at 219 pounds, Holmes listened and smoldered. "I always liked Joe," he said. "Out of sentiment I told Joe not to let Marvis get hurt, because I'm going to try and kill him. In this fight I'm going to go crazy. I'm not going to win any popularity contest; I'm just going to go out there to take Marvis' head off."

It was of little help to Marvis that the fighters' dressing rooms were separated only by a thin wall. Holmes listened intently to the noise coming from the other room: "Woof. Woof. Holmes is going to

fall. What time is it? It's KO time." Then there was a chorus of imitated barking.

Holmes looked at his lawyer, Charles Spaziani. "Get the mitts," he growled. "I want to get it ready."

Spaziani put on two catcher-size mitts and held them up. Quickly, Holmes slammed home four hard right hands.

"It's ready," he said.

Early in the first round, Frazier dropped his hands and mocked Holmes, at which point the 6' 3" Holmes grabbed the 6' 1" Frazier high on both shoulders, picked him up and hurled him against the ropes. "I just wanted to teach him some respect," Holmes said later.

Just past the two-minute mark, Holmes fired a jab and crossed with a crackling right that caught Frazier flush in the face. The challenger fell on the seat of his bizarre green and gold-threaded Bermuda shorts-like trunks. He was up at the count of eight, and a moment later Holmes was on him, driving him back into his own corner.

Holmes battered him with right hands, and then after each of three rights he motioned for Referee Mills Lane to stop the fight. Lane stayed put, and Holmes said to himself, "The hell with it." He hurled six more thunderous rights, and then, just as Lane moved in to stop it at the 2:57 mark, he fired a left hook to the body.

The following morning, Holmes, his anger abated, said he was now in a state of semiretirement. "One more fight," he said, ignoring a mandatory defense against Greg Page, for which he has already signed a contract. "Gerrie Coetzee [the WBA champion from South Africa]. For \$100 million, and every minute they wait the price is going up. I'll fight him anyplace. For \$100,000,027.54 I'll even fight him in his house. For \$100,000,068.21."

Then he turned to Marvis, who was sitting nearby. "And don't you be in a hurry," he said kindly. "Do what I did; wait for everybody to get old. I waited for your dad to retire, and for Ali to get old. Then I made my move. All you got to do is be patient like I was."

Smokin' Joe nodded. "That sounds like good advice from the champ," he said. He's learning.

END

Holmes dropped Frazier with this hard right and then stopped him a minute later, after which Papa Joe assured Marvis that he would always be in his corner.



fights, and he was the man who forced the nearly blind Frazier to remain in his corner after the 14th round of the 1975 Thrilla in Manila against heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali.

"Marvis has a lot of athletic ability," Futch said. "What's the hurry to fight for the championship? If he gets destroyed now, and he could very well be de-

If that was the future of professional golf that peeked out from behind the designer rocks and expensive cactus of the Arizona desert for two strange days last week, then it took The Past to make it work. It took an Arnold Palmer and a Gary Player. Senior citizens. Relics of other days. But, oh, what life they pumped into a glorified TV exhibition called The Skins Game. The event had nothing to do with topless dancers. What it had to do with was Arnie rolling in a 40-foot putt for \$100,000 as if he were back in Augusta or somewhere and Gary rapping in the fastest four-foot putt in history for \$150,000, and then both of them agreeing with Jack Nicklaus and

Tom Watson that the four of them ought to do this sort of thing more often.

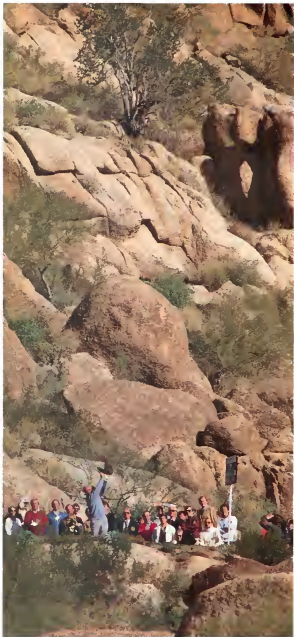
After 18 holes of golf on the elevated plains of the Desert Highlands course north of Scottsdale on Saturday and Sunday, the statistics were these: Player won a total of \$170,000, Palmer came away with \$140,000, Nicklaus collected \$40,000 and Watson was left with a paltry \$10,000, all for not gambling. It was a game without any risk to the players; they

When golf's greatest foursome met for a \$360,000 game of skins, they had a bonny Desert Highlands fling

by **DAN JENKINS**

No Skinsflints Around Here, For Sure





were competing for somebody else's money—\$360,000 in all. So what was it? A happening? A party? A sitcom? More important, was it a *trend*?

Well, it was all of these things, but mainly it was a fascinating competition. Many golfers enjoy a friendly skins game when they're out playing with their buddies. The way it works is that each hole is worth a skin, an agreed-upon unit, which the winner of the hole collects. If the players tie, the skin is carried over to the next hole, and so on until one player wins a hole. Although the skins for this game were a few factors removed from an ordinary club round, no one was reaching into his pocket to pay up. And once won, the money was safe; it couldn't be lost on a later hole. The two moments of high drama came on those "carry-over" holes where the money doubled, tripled, quadrupled and quintupled after holes were halved on a two-tee, all-tee basis.

The rules and format made this four-man event drastically different from your basic Phoenix Open. First, you had to be an immortal to get invited. This was what qualified Nicklaus, Palmer, Player and Watson, who hold 44 major championships among them, over any Dave Eichelberger of your choice. They were asked, how would you like to play for \$360,000 at \$10,000 a hole for the first six holes, at \$20,000 a hole for the next six, then \$30,000 for the last six?

Arnold, Gary and Tom leaped at the opportunity, and Jack said fine, if you play it on one of my new courses where we can get television exposure and sell \$300,000 residential lots. Agreed. It didn't matter that Desert Highlands lacked a pro shop, a clubhouse and all the other amenities of a country club development. Next came the question of a date. It couldn't conflict with a PGA Tour event, and the competitors didn't wish it to, for the tour was why they all had become immortals in the first place. Finally, it had to get itself on TV. NBC took the show, up against football as it

continued

With just 1,000 spectators, Palmer endangered only himself with his "fore, left" game.



Nicklaus tried giving the ball pointers Saturday. By Sunday he had totally flipped.

and the competition started off on Saturday with the four men trying to be comedians for the audience. Cheery banter accompanied them over the first few holes as Watson birdied the 1st for \$10,000, Player won \$10,000 at the 2nd with a par 5, Nicklaus rolled in a 20-foot birdie at the 3rd for \$10,000 and Player won another 10 grand with a birdie at the 4th. They halved the 5th hole. At this point, Palmer was skinless, and he was also hard to find out there in the rocks, sand and scrubby bushes.

"I was thinking about sending somebody off for a bottle of Scotch," Arnold said later. "I'd come from Bay Hill [in Orlando], and the guys I play with down there had hit me for \$400 in my normal game. I'm sure they were watching TV, rooting for me to get home soon so they could rob me again."

But the next two holes "saved" Saturday for both Palmer and the telecast. He

scrapped out a par 4 at the 6th to win \$20,000 as the others double-bogeyed. Then came the par-3 7th, the first of the \$20,000 holes. Palmer knocked in a 25-foot birdie there and went into his first dance act. In two holes he had won \$40,000, and he hadn't been near the golf course for the previous five holes.

They all halved the 8th hole with pars, and Nicklaus and Watson halved the 9th with birdies. Tom was destined to make four birdies during the 18 holes, but three of them wouldn't get him a dime.

"All of the timing in my career hasn't been perfect," Watson said with a smile.

Sunday's nine holes began with halves by Watson and Player on 10 and 11, where Palmer found his second shot up against a small cactus bush, a sight that must have given hope to every duck-hook specialist watching on TV or in the invited gallery of about 1,000.

Arnold at first tried to fasten his bag cover around his bright green Ultrastade rear end to keep from getting thorned when he addressed the ball, but this didn't work. He settled on a backward lefthanded one-iron. "Got it out of there pretty good," Palmer said, meaning he "advanced" it somewhat.

Luckily for him, the hole was halved, so the stakes at the par-3 12th had quintupled to \$100,000. Here Palmer hit one of his few greens in regulation, and he was "his" distance away, about 40 feet. Then in true "Go get 'em, Arnie" fashion, he hit the putt, trying, in his words, "to keep it just outside the right edge." The ball struck the cup, zipped around the edge and dived into the darkness for the \$100,000. Dance act, part II.

Nicklaus had a hurdle putt of about 20 feet that would have tied Palmer on the hole, and he took his time with it.

"After all these years," Nicklaus said to Palmer after Arnold had rolled in the monster. Then he added, "I know you like to play fast, but you don't mind if I look this over, do you?"

When Jack's putt barely stayed out, Arnold was the happiest he'd been in 20 years. Palmer at that point had \$140,000 for having sunk two long putts in 12 holes. He was so happy, he said later, "I forgot to hit another golf shot." Indeed, Palmer's next shot was a duck hook off

continued



Except for the first one, all of Watson's crucial putts amounted to halves, not holes.

was, because the sponsors who put up the prize money also put up the production money and "delivered the package" to the network.

Taking this gamble were Don Ohlmeyer, a former sports executive at both ABC and NBC, and Trans World International, a subsidiary of Mark McCormack's International Management Group, which also happens to handle Palmer and Player along with assorted other legends in assorted other sports.

The favorites were Watson, the youngest, strongest and most recently successful, and Nicklaus, the course architect with the most cactus knowledge. That the two old guys, Palmer, 54, and Player, 48, made off with most of the cheese only proves that in "skins"—or "cats," as they were once called—anything can happen on a single hole.

The players were mixed for television,

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*1984 estimated 47 mpg. Highway estimate. EPA estimate. Actual mileage may vary. Always use proper driving technique. Always wear your seat belt.A photograph showing three Volkswagen cars. In the foreground, a black 1984 Scirocco is angled towards the left. Behind it and to the right is a silver 1984 Jetta. In the bottom right corner, a red 1984 Rabbit Sparmeister is partially visible, angled towards the right. The background is dark and indistinct.

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the 13th tee. Ben Crenshaw, doing television commentary, said, "I can explain that shot. Arnold just moved his wallet to his other pocket. What happened was the result of right-side overload."

"Tom thought that I'd moved a leaf that I shouldn't have, but I told him I didn't and he accepted that. And that's the way we left it."

The fact that Watson had won only

ner. Player did shoot the lowest back nine, a three-under 33, and the lowest 18, a two-under 70. But he wasn't going to count it as his 124th worldwide victory.

Nicklaus salvaged something for himself by recovering from a topped fairway wood on the par-5 18th with a nice seven-iron and a 10-foot birdie putt to take the last skin, which was worth \$30,000. But the curtain had half dropped after Arnold's long putt at the 12th, and it had closed completely after Gary's nervous tap-in on the 17th.

There will be more of this sort of thing in the future. Desert Highlands has an option to host The Skins Game again next year, perhaps with the same four-some—maybe with one substitute or one



Unable to fashion a fancy cover, Palmer hit backwards at 11.

The next three holes were halved. At 16, a carry-over worth \$120,000, Nicklaus nearly holed a 90-footer for birdie, and was left with four feet for par. Watson hit an 80-foot wedge shot to within four inches, and Player, just off the green to the right, chipped to within about eight inches. Player and Watson holed their short putts and Nicklaus picked up. Much later, however, after the game was over and nearly everyone had departed the premises, Dave Anderson, the columnist for *The New York Times*, happened to walk outside the press tent for a moment and came upon the group of Watson, Nicklaus, Player and Joseph P. Dey Jr., the former United States Golf Association director who had refereed the round. Anderson reported that Watson confronted Player, accusing him of improving his lie by pulling out a rooted leaf which was resting on his ball before he hit that wedge. Anderson overheard Watson saying, "I'm accusing you, Gary. . . . You can't do this. . . . I'm tired of this. . . . I wasn't watching you, but I saw it."

Neither Nicklaus nor Watson would comment later, but Player told Anderson,

\$10,000 may have affected his mood, because such an invocation of the Rules of Golf in a skins game seems almost funny. Everyone knows in a real skins game anything goes, including roots.

So they moved on to the par-5 17th with \$150,000 riding on it. Jack was just off the green in two, but failed to get down in two from there, and this opened the door for Player. Earlier, back out in the fairway, Player had hit one of those sand-wedge approaches that make him start to walk with confidence before the ball lands. It had damn near landed in the cup, stopping four feet past the flag.

"Gary wanted to run up there and putt it before any of us could say anything," Nicklaus said. "It was like he came out of starting blocks."

That wedge shot and putt "won" the overall competition for the little South African, if it can be said there was a win-



additional player who has a name that sounds like Ballesteros. The rules on how many roots may be moved will be more explicit. There is talk of taking it on the road to Europe and Japan.

"If we do it too often, we'll have a tired vaudeville act," Nicklaus said, rightly. "Once a year might be enough. We need some variety in pro golf. I think the fans appreciate it."

Not as much as a golfer playing for somebody else's money, however. **END**

Its coach is still a college undergraduate. The manager, 28, comes from the warranty department of a New York Cadillac dealer. And its physical conditioner, a 28-year-old Soviet refugee, is a professor of poodle primping. This is the leadership of a U.S. Olympic team?

Dmitry Grinshpon, late of Kiev and of late of Brooklyn, teaches dog grooming at The Nash Academy of Animal Arts in Cliffside Park, N.J. and trains the American lugers on the side. That's more or less the reverse of how he did things in the U.S.S.R., where he was a P.E. teacher who trained dogs as a hobby. Still, work-



Grinshpon cuts a customer down to size.

ing with Coach Svein Romstad, 24, a Norwegian-trained luger who's a senior at the University of Georgia, and Manager (Bullet) Bob Hughes, Grinshpon has somehow managed to pull the U.S. approach to sliding out of the dark ages in time for February's Olympics in Sarajevo, where the Americans will have an outside chance of copying a medal. "Mad Bulldog and Bullet Bob," says Grinshpon, who still speaks with the cadences of Boris Yeltsin. "I hope we work together 50 years. We work so good, like wheels. Don't even need oil. We drink vodka."

"Dmitry," says Frank Masley, the fin-



They Plan To Do Some Tough Sledding



est male U.S. luger, "still thinks *que pasa* is English."

With Grinshpon left at home because of the team's tight budget, the Americans found this season's first foray into international competition to be tough sledding. Last weekend in Igls, Austria, in the first leg of the three-race *Dreibahn*, the U.S. failed to place anyone in the top 10, and Masley finished a distant 37th. Despite what those dire results would seem to indicate, the Americans have an improved and feisty team. The U.S. placed Masley and four women in the men's or women's top 10 at last February's world championships in Lake Placid. It was the first time any American had finished in such select company in major international competition, which is dominated by lugers from East Germany, Italy and the Soviet Union.

With its high speeds—sliders routinely attain 70 mph—its East-West intrigue and its futuristic technology, luge is one part Craig Breedlove, two parts Dr. Strangelove. Lugers spend hours tinkering with their sleds, sneaking peeks at those of their opponents and jockeying

Though U.S. lugers don't figure to win Olympic gold, they've improved so rapidly they might win a medal

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

for more practice time—all for a run of less than a mile. "I know people think it's crazy," says Donna Burke of Amherst, Mass., at 29 the grande dame of the U.S. team. "But they don't understand. The sound a sled makes when it is running fast and true is so beautiful. It's eerie—the sound of wind."

Alas, life on the European circuit isn't quite so sublime. The U.S. sliders had \$37,575 to cover expenses for two months—plane fare, room and board, track fees and thousands of kilometers of travel in a leased car and two rented vans. The vans, one of which has had to be roll-started all along the way, carry 13 athletes and their gear. Entertainment comes from one very battered Parcheesi set.

"For the amount of money we've had to work with, we've done remarkably well," says USLA President Jim Moriarty. "In the past, we were so preoccu-



Although only 20, Terwillegar has got off to a fast start, placing fifth at the worlds.

"You want a T shirt? We give you T shirt."

Masley, 23, of Newark, Del., is as unlikely a luger as he is a likable one. He first saw the sport on TV during the '76 Olympics and had to try it. He blew his paper-route earnings on a trip to Placid for a development camp. Seven years later, Masley placed 10th at the worlds, despite driving a crude sled. "Junk," says Grinshpon.

For youth, there's Terwillegar, 20, who

placed fifth among women at the worlds. "Erica very good athlete," says Grinshpon, "but she not yet very stable. One competition she do great, one time she make stupid mistake. Can use coaching."

For luck, try Bonny Warner, a Stanford junior from Mount Baldy, Calif. In 1979, while reading a magazine in her high school library when she should have been studying, she spotted an ad for a contest to pick the torchbearers for the '80 Winter Games. She entered and, to her surprise, won. That got her to Lake Placid, where luge was about the only sport she didn't catch. But she saw a

pled with just surviving that we couldn't concentrate on things like technique. Winning medals has to be done in July, with equipment and training."

So Grinshpon spent the summer with half the team in New York's Central Park, putting it through sprints, aerobics and a Soviet technique called "disorientation training." It's a series of exercises, drawing from gymnastics and acrobatics, designed to simulate the drops, turns and general discombobulation of a luge run. "The mind and body have to recover from confusion very fast," says Grinshpon. "Not with drugs. By themselves. Luge is a sport that has such a big pressure. Gravitation." Says Erica Terwillegar, a luger from Lake Placid, "Dmitry would have us hop over benches, and there'd be people sleeping on the benches."

Grinshpon's Eastern Bloc connections have also given the U.S. access to what's going down in the sport. And the American sliders, an outgoing bunch, are well liked internationally. They can deal for parts and advice on a pretty good rate of exchange. "They like Bullet and they like Americans because they friendly, more open," says Grinshpon.

After an incredible streak of luck, Warner joined the American team.



Masley, the top U.S. man, was 10th at the worlds on a piece of "junk."



notice for a luge development camp after the Games and hung around. While in Placid, Warner received word that she'd won \$5,000 in still another contest, Levi's Olympic Opportunity Sweepstakes. The windfall allowed her to go off to Germany for a season to train. By 1981 Warner had made the U.S. Junior Team, two years later she placed seventh in the worlds. "Very stable," Grinshpon says. "Gets better and better."

So has the U.S. team. But to win a medal in February, they'll need a lot of luck, too, which they just may have. Last week in Igls, Warner bought a ticket in the Austrian lottery. She won 10 schillings (50¢).

END

A Clash Of Turkeys

The loser was also the winner when Houston met Tampa Bay

by STEVE WULF

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We're also talking backward, and for a reason. The srehtO notsuofH underplayed the sreenaccuB yaB apemA 24-33 last Sunday to lay claim to the title of the worst, the sorriest, the most awful team in the NFL.

The game was played in Tampa Stadium, where nearly two months from now the best teams in football will meet in Super Bowl XVIII. Sunday's game was billed as Repus Bowl I—Repus being Super spelled backward—because it matched the



The fans in Tampa Bay had their feelings about the Buccaneers' head coach written all over them.

league's two leading dogs, each 1-11. It wasn't a great attraction. In fact, it drove people away. Of the 59,099 ticket purchasers, 20,474 chose to stay home on a beautiful, sunny afternoon. Some fans who did

show up had a banner that summed up the event. O.R. WIVES THINK WE'RE AT A PRO FOOTBALL GAME.

Yes, this was the Small One, the battle of the beatens, the movable object meeting the resistable force. There were only tomorrow. When these two teams get together, nothing can happen. This game was for a marble.

But that cat's eye was the No. 1 choice in the 1984 NFL draft. May the worse team lose. So Houston had much more incentive to accentuate the negative because Tampa Bay had already given up its rights to the No. 1 pick. If the Oilers had prevailed, Sunday's real winner would have been their AFC Central rivals, the Cincinnati Bengals, who have the Buccaneers' top choice as a result of a trade last June for Quarterback Jack Thompson, who was needed to replace Doug Williams, who left the Bucs for the USFL, which also stole Herschel Walker, who would have been the top prize in the '84 draft. The whole thing is

continued

TANK McNAMARA

by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds



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hard to follow, but now you know how the Houston defensive backs felt Sunday.

The Oilers still have to lose their last three games to get first dabs, but if they can play down to last week's level, they should have no problems. The Oilers have been so underwhelming on offense this season that when the Buccaneers won the coin toss Sunday, they elected to give Houston the ball. Sure enough, the Oilers screwed up their initial possession by getting called for illegal motion on a pass play that would have produced a first down, and then by allowing Tampa Bay Defensive End Leroy Selmon to pounce on Quarterback Oliver (Rotten) Luck. If the Oilers didn't have him on the team, they'd have no luck at all.

But the Buccaneers weren't about to let the Oilers give the game away without a fight. In the first quarter Thompson, the Overthrowin' Samson, led Tight End Jim Obradovich too much on a sure touchdown pass. Then Placekicker Bill Capece, who had missed on 10 of his 19 previous field-goal attempts, avoided the uprights—wide right—from 41 yards out.

Houston stalled, but Tampa Bay, momentarily forgetting itself, drove downfield. Oh, the Bucs got called on a false start to negate one apparent touchdown pass and Thompson fumbled a snap at the Houston six, but he recovered and the opening period ended with the Tampa Bay offense second-and-goal—and threatening to break its string of 10 consecutive scoreless quarters.

On the first play of the second quarter, the Oilers left Buc Fullback Adger Armstrong free in the right flat, and Thompson found him with a short TD pass. Actually, Houston left Armstrong free earlier this fall when they released him in training camp. Capece, really getting into the true spirit of things, pushed his extra-point attempt to the right.

Carl Roaches returned the ensuing kickoff to the Tampa Bay 47, but never underestimate the Oilers: Avon Riley was called for holding and that put the ball at the Houston seven. The Bucs soon had the ball back, and when Oiler rookie Cornerback Steve Brown let Wide Receiver Kevin House get a step on him on a post pattern, Thompson hit home with House. But the Bucs still hadn't given up. On the extra-point attempt, the snap flew through the holder's hands, and Capece

continued



Capece was disgusted after he missed his first extra-point try and was tackled when the snap for his second got away from the Bucs' holder, Jeff Korfko.



was tackled before he could do anything with the ball.

A few minutes later, the strangest thing happened: Houston crossed mid-field. Actually, the Oilers' best play was a double penalty against the Bucs, a combination pass interference on Cornerback John Holt and unsportsmanlike conduct on Defensive Coordinator Wayne Fontes for arguing the call. The infractions moved the ball from the Houston 36 to

got to the press box Sunday, they found their seats labeled TAMPA ENLBIET.

But *The Tribune* was hardly alone. The sports comic strip *Tank McNamara* did a series on the two teams in early November. In one episode, a son asked his father, "What if I'm a bad boy?" And the father replied, "Daddy will trade you to either the Tampa Bay Buccaneers or the Houston Oilers." As the child hid under his bed, the mother said, "Great, now the kid will have nightmares for a week."

NBC was broadcasting the game to a whopping 3% of the U.S. TV market. That included Houston, parts of south Texas and Lake Charles, La., although what Lake Charles did to deserve this nobody knows.

In Tampa, the Bucs had come to be known as the Yukaneers. Something called a Boo Bird, a glove that's a beak when clenched and is emblazoned with the word "Boo" when opened, became a popular item. A local coin dealer, Ari

Arbutine, took out an ad in the *St. Petersburg Times* offering McKay \$1,200 worth of silver dollars if he opened up the offense with any of several suggested plays, including a double-reverse fake flea-flicker. Meanwhile another ad, in the *Clearwater Sun*, offered McKay a free membership to the Pine Crest Golf Club. There was a hitch: The membership was for Sunday afternoons only.

Perhaps all the Bucs should join up, because when it comes to finding ways to lose, they don't know the meaning of the word quit. They let Houston's Steve Brown return the second-half kickoff 81 yards, all the way to the Tampa Bay nine. The Oilers still had a hard time scoring, though, with Earl Campbell finally going in from the one on fourth down.

On the Bucs' next possession, on fourth-and-six from the Houston 47, Tampa Bay's Frank Garcia punted the ball into the end zone. But, wait, there's a flag. What's this? Twelve men on the field for the Oilers? Tim Joiner, a mem-

The unprotected provided by Houston's offensive line helps to explain Oliver's rotten luck.

the Tampa 46 and led to a 51-yard field goal by the ferociously named Florian Kempf.

Buccaneer Coach John McKay had been strutting all week, mainly at *The Tampa Tribune*, which had been ballyhooing the Oilers-Bucs game as Repus Bowl I. The papers had even come up with an elaborate logo in the style of Super Bowl logos. When the writers for *The Tribune*



A group of approximately 12 people, including men, women, and children, are seated in a circular white raft. They are navigating a very turbulent white-water rapids. The water is churning and splashing around the raft. The background shows a rocky riverbank with some trees and foliage. The scene is captured from a slightly elevated angle, looking down into the raft.

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ber of the punt-return team, was sick, so two different Houston coaches each sent a man in to replace him. Tampa went for it on fourth-and-one, and James Owens made it. On the next play, House beat Brown again and made a spectacular over-the-shoulder catch in the end zone. When Capece made the extra point to give Tampa a 19-10 lead, the Buc fans let out their loudest cheer of the day.

Houston was on a roll now. On the Oilers' next series, Luck was first sacked, and then he threw a beautiful screen pass to Booker Reese, who happens to be a defensive end for the Bucs. Reese returned the ball 11 yards to the Houston 13, and three plays later Owens slipped past a pile of Oilers into the end zone. Capece hit another one, and Houston was safely in the woods, 10-26, though the Oilers almost totally messed things up with a late rally that cut Tampa Bay's final margin to nine.

McKay was gracious in victory, saying, "The better team won, so you can knock off that manure you've been putting in the paper about whatever kind of bowl it was supposed to be."

In Houston, the fans had been more philosophical. One had suggested to interim Head Coach Chuck Studley, who had replaced the fired Ed Biles on Oct. 11, that the players 1) eat a chocolate bar half an hour before the game, 2) be sure and place their shoes under the bed the night before the game and 3) take plenty of vitamin E.

On Oct. 30 Houston, which has eight rookie starters, became the first team in NFL history to lose three overtime games in a season. The Oilers are last in the NFL in point differential and rushing yards allowed per game. Tampa Bay is last in first downs per game, points per game, third-down efficiency, average gain per offensive play and average gain per pass play.

Although both teams have been in the playoffs in recent years, they also have histories of serious ignominy. The '72-'73 Oilers and '76-'77 Buccaneers (both 2-26) were among the worst teams in NFL history. In fact, it was after the '77 season that the Bucs, having earned the first pick in the NFL draft, traded it to the Oilers for,



These yards may help to enrich Campbell, but the touchdown couldn't save the Oilers.

among other things, their first pick. The Oilers, of course, chose Campbell, and the Bucs took Williams.

Now Williams is gone, and the Oilers

pulled groin, Campbell took offense, possibly because he has clauses in his contract calling for bonuses when he gains 1,000 yards in a season (\$50,000), 1,200 (\$25,000) and 1,400 (\$25,000). After Sunday's game, in which he had 87 yards, Campbell had 940.

Campbell was also disturbed by talk that the Oilers were trying to lure Quarterback Warren Moon from the Edmonton Eskimos for \$1 million a year, more than twice what Campbell makes. Moon would not only solve Houston's quarterback problem, but he would also enable the Oilers to parlay their first draft pick into many high choices. But if they don't sign Moon, the Oilers might have to use their pick to get Brigham Young Quarterback Steve Young. The Buccaneers have also expressed great interest in Moon.

Although the Oilers stood to gain by losing, they did try valiantly against Tampa Bay. The morning of the game Studley said, "Any talk of losing to Tampa Bay just to get the first draft choice makes me nauseous. I want to win so badly."

"We're proving that old adage wrong," said Luck after Sunday's game. "There is no silver lining in this cloud. Just a lot of rain."

Said Campbell, "It's like Tom T. Hall says: 'I like winners when they laugh, and losers when they cry.' We'll laugh again."



Even in victory McKay was hanging his head.

are afraid Campbell will jump leagues, too. He has been unhappy this season. In a 55-14 loss to Cincinnati, he was taken out in the third quarter to protect a



and seven compatriots have come to this lonely training camp filled with great purpose.

The old 70-meter jump perches on the very crest of the hill. It looks exceedingly rickety, its wooden siding faded and wind-scrubbed, the entire contraption supported by an intricate spider web of rusty iron tubing. Inside the superstructure, wooden stairs go 120 feet up. At the top, one can see the small figure of a

jumper. Even from a distance it's plain that he's impatient; he waves one arm vigorously and yells something that's lost in the wind. Down at the takeoff point, Nillo Halonen, the Finnish Nordic team's director, stands bundled in layers of warmups. He checks to make sure an assistant has the portable video camera ready, then turns and waves back up the hill. Finally Halonen grins. "Now you will see Matti Nykänen jump," he says.

A Flight To The Finnish

Finland's Matti Nykänen, the best ski jumper in the world, also has a temper that can soar to the heights

by **BOB OTTUM**

The morning air is purest Finnish—there's not another place in the world where the days are delivered so biting crisp, scrubbed clean by the winds out of Lapland. On all sides, out to the horizon, dozens of steel-blue lakes lie surrounded by thick pine forests; far below one can see the Vuokatti Sports Institute and a few farmhouses, looking like an assembly of toy log houses. This is near-wilderness; Helsinki lies 350 miles to the south. A visitor may look out in wonder, but all of this is a familiar sight to the small group of men gathered here, and they pay no attention to the scenery. Instead, there's a subcurrent of high spirits among them, a sense of occasion. At last their autumn has ended, and these Finns are back to ski-jumping full time.

Finland has traditionally been a top power in Nordic skiing, if not always in jumping: In the 45 world and Olympic championships at 90 and 70 meters since 1924, Norway has won the most, 19, and Finland is second, with seven. But since 1954 the power base has been shifting to Finland. Today, the world's premier jumper is a Finn, Matti Nykänen, and he



Nykänen's monomania may be hard to take, but it keeps him a jump ahead of his rivals.



The figure high above leaps onto the two refrigerated ski tracks, gives a sort of bounce and sinks into the jumper's familiar crouch—his weight forward, chest almost resting on his knees. The skis make a harsh rasp that grows steadily louder as they approach: when the jumper reaches the takeoff point, the clock times him at 52.7 mph. Then he uncorks into the air with a dull slap of sound.

"Watch," says Halonen.

Then comes a moment of sudden fright: This jumper is in trouble. His arms are all askew, windmilling, and his legs are apart. He seems to be crabbing into the wind like a sailboat on a bad tack. It looks as if he's going to fall out of the sky. But then, in what seems to be slow motion, things begin to happen. He pulls in his arms and holds them tightly to his sides, with his hands cupped, facing forward, to act as airfoils. His legs drift into place, his body arches over his skis, and, at last, all of the angles are precisely right, and he begins to float. He lands 279 feet below on the plastic carpeting of the out-run. The distance is routine for a practice jump—though the recovery was nothing less than spectacular.

Matti Ensio Nykänen—a.k.a. Matti Nukes—is the pride of all Finland. At 20 he's clearly an original. He is the World Cup champion of 1983 and the No. 1 threat for the Winter Olympics on both the 90- and 70-meter hills. Some experts who have been watching Nykänen with growing wonder since he won the world junior title at 17 say he may turn out to be the best jumper ever.

That isn't an assessment made lightly: jumpers and those around them are a most conservative breed and not given to grand predictions. But America's Jeff Hastings, the best of the U.S. jumpers and currently ranked 11th in the world, says flatly, "Matti Nukes was born to jump; the rest of us were made." Says Matti Pulli, Nykänen's private coach, "I'd say he is 95% courage, and *that* gives him the talent to do what he does." Halonen, who won the silver medal jumping at the Squaw Valley Olympics in 1960, says, "Matti's style is so distinctive they could all jump with bags over their heads and you'd still know it was him." Jim

continued

Page, a 1964 Olympian and now the U.S. Nordic director, adds, "Matti Nukes is incredibly aggressive at the takeoff—but not all of his parts always come along in the same sequence."

Matti Nukes. Hastings and others call him that not because of Nykänen's bombs-away style, but because it's convenient shorthand for the way the Finns pronounce his name: NUKE-an-en. Say "Nukes" to Matti himself and his response is the faintest shrug and a cold, who-the-hell-cares stare. Obviously he has only one thing on his mind.

And at this moment, at the takeoff point on this hill in Finland, Matti Nukes is furious. He's a single-minded perfectionist and the untidiness of his last jump and the one before it have irked him. Skis over his shoulder, seething all the way, he has just stamped up the 300 wooden steps on the hillside to the spot where a visitor stands. It's a terrible time for anyone to be introduced to strangers, even though the visitor has the assistance of a kindly interpreter named Ulla, a charming, white-haired woman who looks like the entire world's Mom. Nukes offers a hand that has the feel of an Atlantic salmon one might pick up in Helsinki's famed Market Square. The startling thing from up close is that he has such a baby face; he seems to be no more than 12 or so, beardless, with a pouting mouth and that wonderful, almost translucent complexion Finns have—any rush of blood creates high color in their cheeks. The rest of him is a jumble of elbows and hipbones and kneecaps; Nukes is 5' 7", but weighs only 118 pounds. Having nodded hello, not speaking a word, he turns away abruptly and heads for the stairs to the top of the jump.

But now something puzzling happens. Suddenly there's a sense of tension in the crisp air. From one side, Halonen murmurs a few words of coaching: "Matti," he says softly. "I think perhaps you're not down far enough at the takeoff. Your crouch. . . ." It doesn't sound like any sort of coaching that one is familiar with: Halonen is being deferential. And Matti Nukes turns on him, glaring from beneath the rim of his cap.

"Oh, really?" he says. "You think so?" His voice is brittle. "Are you quite sure?"

There are 500 steps to climb to reach the top of the Vuokatti jump, and coaches Pulli (left) and Halonen to face at the bottom.

Who's doing the f—— jumping here?"

The interpreter leans over and whispers, "Matti just said a very, very bad word in Finnish."

She is told that it's a very, very bad word in English, too.

As Nykänen stalks away, his anger evident in the rigidity of his back, Halonen sighs like a wearily patient father and says, "Lest you think this behavior is strange, there's a very special reason for it. You shall find out exactly what it is when you talk to Matti himself later."

Nykänen's next takeoff is perfect: He soars effortlessly toward the faraway blue lakes, settling down at 243 feet as easily as a falling leaf. Everyone on the hilltop sighs in relieved appreciation. And while waiting to talk to Matti Nukes, one has plenty of time to reflect on the unique forces that have made him this way: a driven, angry young man who happens to be the best ski jumper in the world.

Nykänen comes from Jyväskylä, a town some 170 miles north of Helsinki, where on winter days it must seem that the sky is full of falling Finns. Several ski jumps of various sizes dot the community, but the pride of the region is the 90-meter hill, a structure that Jyväskylä kids play on as if it were a giant jungle gym. Winters in mid-Finland are bitter and long, and the Jyväskylä junior jumping program is highly organized. "Every other man in town seems to be a coach," says Pulli, who has taught Nykänen for the past eight years. "At first, I was just looking at Matti in wonder, he was so good. He was always ahead of his age group."

Matti was given a pair of tiny jumping skis at nine and he was competing by the time he was 11, perhaps the lightest and smallest of his group. "But even then," says Pulli, "I could tell that he would be the best." Which also means, in a way, the most reckless: Nykänen's hell-bent style showed up even at swimming class, where he was given to diving off the five-meter board in ski-jumper style—head-first, with his arms firmly at his sides. But perhaps the most telling episode of his earliest jumping escapades was this: Nykänen's parents knew their son all too well and had been fearful of what he might attempt. Sure enough, one evening when he was 14 he left a note on the kitchen table. "Please, Dad, don't be angry," it said, "but today I did 88 meters [289 feet] off the big jump [the 90-meter hill]."

continued



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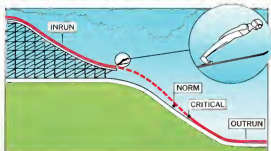
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A GUIDE TO THE UPS AND DOWNS OF SKI JUMPING



This ski jumper just leaving the takeoff hopes to ride to the critical point or beyond.

Technically, what a ski jumper does when he soars from the takeoff to the outrun below is called the "ride," but spectators who watch jumping infrequently find that concept hard to grasp. A ride is what you get in a plane or a car; a jump is a jump.

Says U.S. Nordic Director Jim Page:

"There are two startling visual impacts. First, when a jumper leaves the takeoff there's a sensation that he's rising into the air. He isn't. The edge of the takeoff isn't curled up; it's straight. And then, all through the ride, spectators instinctively fear that any second the jumper will plunge some 35 stories to his death. Another illusion. Actually, while cruising along, the jumper is seldom more than seven to 10 feet off the ground. He's following the carefully engineered parabolic curve of the hill. The object is to stay in the air as long as possible, to cover the most horizontal distance. And all of it takes place in something less than four seconds."

In world and Olympic competition, the jumps come in two sizes: 90 meters and 70 meters, usually adjacent to each other. The numbers refer not to the height of those awesome towers but to the distance from takeoff to a "norm," a landing point about two-thirds of the way down the hill—295 feet on the big jump, 230 feet on the small one. The idea is to float somewhere past the norm down to the next line, the so-called critical point—usually painted in red—just above the point where the hill starts to flatten out. To win, says Page, "You must jump to—and a bit beyond—the red line."

The uniformed spectator half hopes to see competitors catch the brief breeze and jump right off the world—beyond the outrun and past the crowd, somewhere out there among the Ovomaltine stands. But,

no. If the athletes get to flying too far, the meet is stopped and the starting point is adjusted, deliberately shortening the jumps in the interest of safety.

The incomparable Matti Nykänen caused this to happen at the Pre-Olympic meet in Sarajevo last February by scoring off the 90-meter hill to a stunning 390 feet, 23 feet beyond the red-lined critical point. Officials halted the meet, made an adjustment, and had everybody start again. Nykänen then jumped 374 feet and won anyway.

The scoring takes place at the critical line, based on a 60-point table. Points are subtracted for landing short, added for going beyond the line. Then come so-called style points: Each of the five judges can add up to 20 points for jumping form. (The scores of only three judges are actually counted; the high and low marks, as in figure skating, are thrown out.) But since the longest jumper usually wins the meet, the style points can be a bit puzzling. Says Page: "If you get the longest ride, then it can only be assumed you're showing the best form, and the judges usually score it that way."

Since each hill has a personality all its own, distances vary, but Page figures this is what you can expect to see at Sarajevo: "The winners will be hitting about 90 meters off the 70-meter hill—that is, about 295 feet. On the big hill they'll be riding out to 115 meters or so, 377 feet."

But for all its technicalities, ski jumping is still among the best of Olympic events to watch. U.S. jumper Jeff Hastings says participating is even better. "It's that flying feeling, the sense of defying gravity for a few seconds, that hooks you," he says. "There's a special mystique and glamour to jumping. That's because of the secret: Everybody thinks it's dangerous. But it isn't." —B.O.

Sill, that was just play; the great gains came a couple of years later when Nykänen got a job with the city parks department—he was assigned to help groom the big hill. The job was important because the Nykänen family aren't a wealthy family. Matti's dad, Ensio, is a cab driver. His mom, Vieno, works as a clerk at a gift shop. Matti has three sisters, one of them married. "Matti didn't just work on the jump—he lived on it," says Pulli. "He spent every bit of daylight there and on into the evenings. This sounds incredible, but I swear he made some 60 jumps a day. That's more than 2,500 jumps a season. And that's it; that's what sets him apart from all the others now."

But there's a slightly sad side effect: Nykänen was so obsessed that he constantly skipped school to go jumping; at one point he flunked a grade and had to repeat it. After nine years of angrily mixing school and truancy, that was it for Matti Nukes. For what it's worth—which is obviously not much in terms of his international standing—Nykänen now has difficulty reading.

By 1981, Matti Nukes was both the Finnish 90-meter and junior world champ. First time out as a senior, in 1982, he won the 90-meter jump at Oslo's celebrated Holmenkollen and ended the year with the top national ranking in Finland. Last season, a world-championship off-year, he swept just about everything available: the Intersport Springertournee, the four-meet jumping circus in Switzerland that's regarded as the most important event of the year; the Sarajevo Pre-Olympics at 90 meters; and the World Cup series, winding up the 26-event Cup season with a 17-point lead over Canada's Horst Bulau.

When the Finnish team returned in triumph from the Holmenkollen last year, the proud fathers of Jyväskylä presented Nukes with a lifetime job with the city parks department—promising as much time off for jumping as he needs without deducting it from his pay—and there was talk of building him a house in town as a gift.

Evening comes early to the Sports Institute at Vuokatti: The eight jumpers-in-residence drive themselves relentlessly like some lonely new breed of Nordic Spartans. This is the last of three off-season camps. When it ends the competitive season begins; in the 10 weeks between now and Sarajevo, the Finnish A-

continued

**Can you look this man straight in the eye
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?**



team will have just one week off. There are two long workouts a day on the hill at Vuokatti, and between jumps each man trudges up the 300 steps carrying 35 pounds of skis over his shoulder. Then comes still another hillside and, finally, that long, forbidding stairwell up through the inside of the structure to the starting ramps—200 more steps. Understandably, there's not much banter; only the best five or six here will make the Finnish jumping team for Sarajevo. Each man seems withdrawn into his own torturous preparation. And perhaps in the back of each mind is the pressure of Finland's intensely organized Nordic program. Halonen estimates there are some 2,000 young jumpers in training.

Dinner comes at about 5 p.m., and then each jumper studies the videotapes of his day's work. By 8:30 p.m. or so, the Institute is totally quiet and dark.

Enter Matti Nukes.

He whips into the parking lot at the wheel of a shiny new metal-flake gray Saab 900 GLS. This is an \$18,000 car, definitely not the sort of vehicle one associates with a laborer on a ski-jump maintenance crew at Jyväskylä. But the Saab promotion people spread these jazzy cars among prominent Scandinavian sports figures as sort of loan-gifts; Sweden's Björn Borg, for instance, drove one in his heyday.

Nykanen stamps into the TV room wearing the standard après-jump costume: supremely baggy warmups, floppy sweat socks and wooden-soled clogs. His straw-blond hair blows loosely to each side from a part down the middle. Bright red spots of petulance burn in his cheeks. "This shouldn't come from my training time," he growls at Halonen and Pulli, who are clearly uneasy. "I don't want to answer a bunch of stupid questions."

And that does it for Halonen, a proud man who clearly has his limits. He pulls Matti Nukes off to one side, within earshot of the interpreter, and tells him sternly that this isn't training time—you can't jump in the dark—and that, like it or not, interviews are a part of being the world champion. But most important, national pride and the Finns' reputation as a civilized, polite people are at stake. Now, let's calm down here, right?

Right, indeed. Nykanen settles down to mere outrage, and in the exchanges that follow, his total, monomaniacal dedication comes through. Anything other than jumping is stupid, by his reckoning.

"I'm not any more brave; that is, my nerves aren't any better than anybody else's in this sport," he says. "It only seems that way to others. But I've never been afraid of a jump in my life. Each jump, everywhere in the world, has its own personality. They just look the same to someone who doesn't understand. You

about his unique, make-it-up-as-you-fly style of jumping. An expert for *Helsingin Sanomat*, Finland's largest morning paper, once noted that Nykanen "boldly forced his jumps . . . it is not a style that strikes the eye." Everybody in the group has a run at translating this, and then: "It's this," Nykanen says, as if explaining it to a roomful of dolts. "The takeoff is everything. But then, umm, but then, at about 20 or 30 meters out into the air, I can feel it—how it's going to go. I can tell in that instant how the jump will come out, and if I've started it badly, well, I just simply pull it all together."

Hastings has referred to ski jumping as the world's last surviving seat-of-the-pants sport, and Nukes gets that analogy even as the interpreter speaks. "It is two feelings," he says. "You are up there and you get a feeling of flying and gliding, both." He grows sour again. "If it wasn't nice, I wouldn't do it." And he angrily kicks one wooden clog across the room, bouncing it off the far wall. Halonen and Pulli pretend not to have seen it.

Then comes his final outburst and, with it, the explanation that Halonen had promised earlier in the day: "My nerves are all right," says Nykanen. "But I'm getting a growing fighting feeling. I'm mad. No, no, I'm not mad at you, but I'm mad and I'll stay that way. I must."

And that's it, of course. The room falls silent; Nykanen jumps up and stamps out, muttering to himself about idiots from the U.S. and stupid questions.

Halonen explains further: "This is what I'd call a half-secret," he says. "We don't use drugs, of course—no drug can produce this effect. But it is our training system for the Olympics to make our jumpers nervous." He pauses, wondering if that's the right word in English. One suspects the word he wants is mean. Halonen spreads out both hands in a broad shrug. "It just happens that Matti has become nervous about two weeks ahead of everybody else on the team."

And Pulli adds the clincher: "You must understand that Matti has always been a strange boy," he says. "But just consider this: There are many, many ski jumpers who are thoroughly charming. I mean, they are nice to talk to and sweet. Ah, but when that one time comes when everything is at stake—when you need someone to make the one jump that will win the championship—they can't do it. So much for being charming. Matti can make that jump."



Hastings tests his form in a wind tunnel.

approach a hill and say to it, 'Are you going to be a good jump? Or a bad one?' And if it's bad, well, there's nothing you can do about it."

All right, then. What of the 90- and 70-meter jumps at Sarajevo?

He shrugs with a certain touch of scorn. "Quite ordinary," he says.

Nykanen is puzzled at first, then bitterly amused by a spirited discussion

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ILLUSION from TIMEX

by Jack McCallum

Nebraska's defense introduced itself to America last Saturday afternoon. Bucked into the shadow of its own goalposts, that nearly anonymous unit made three big plays in a row to preserve a 28-21 victory over Oklahoma, a third straight Big Eight title, an undefeated regular season, a No. 1 ranking and a chance at the national championship, which would come with a win over Miami in the Orange Bowl on Jan. 2. Yes, even when you have the Terrific Triumvirate of Tailback Mike Rozier, Quarterback Turner Gill and Wingback Irving Fryar, you still need to play a little D.

The game was a character-building conclusion to a 12-0 regular season for the Cornhuskers, who steamrolled all opponents except those from the state of Oklahoma. Back on Oct. 8, Nebraska escaped from Stillwater with a 14-10 victory over Oklahoma State. And on Saturday at Owen Field in Norman, the Cornhuskers were only slightly better than a proud Oklahoma team that was within two yards, a two-point conversion and—so the Sooners said—two officials' calls of throwing the national championship picture into chaos. Not a bad "almost" for a Sooner team that is 7-4 with one game left (at Hawaii) and won't be going to a bowl.

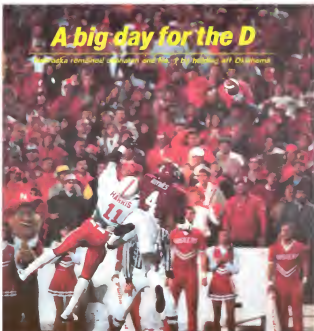
"You know," said Nebraska Offensive Guard Dean Steinkuhler, "in a way I feel sorry for those guys. Everything seemed so bright for them at the beginning of the year, and it just didn't work out."

Nice sentiment, Dean, but the feeling was hardly mutual. "They were darn lucky to win this game," said Rick Bryan, Oklahoma's outstanding defensive tackle. And Bryan was absolutely correct.

As Orange Bowl representatives watched from the press box, and worried that their showcase attraction might be wrecked, Oklahoma moved steadily downfield in the final five minutes, determined to turn a 28-21 deficit into the upset of the year. With 1:56 left, the Sooners had the ball at the Nebraska two-yard line, second-and-one. From there, freshman Fullback Spencer Tillman could surely vault into the end zone. Hadn't he taken off from the five-yard line, soaring

A big day for the D

Nebraska remained unbeaten and No. 1 by holding off Oklahoma



Harms saved the day for the Huskers by breaking up this last-chance pass to Rhymes.

above the screen block of teammate Paul Clewis, at the end of an 18-yard scoring run in the third quarter? Nebraska, meanwhile, was hardly exuding confidence. Coach Tom Osborne had been on the phone to his assistants in the press box all during that last drive, discussing a possible defense for the two-point conversion. Gill said, "I thought OU would score."

It never happened. First, Oklahoma Left Tackle Brent Burks jumped before the count, putting the ball back at the seven. On second-and-six from there,

continued

Scheilen rattled Keith Stanberry's cage on the way to scoring his decisive second TD.





Timman went airborne for one TD and ...

COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

Defensive End Bill Weber nailed Quarterback Danny Bradley for a three-yard loss when Bradley couldn't find his pitch back, Earl Johnson. With good reason, said Bradley, who claimed Johnson had been illegally tackled before the play even developed. On third-and-nine from the 10, Bradley threw down the middle to Wingback Derrick Shepard, who appeared to be knocked down by Cornerback Neil Harris as the ball fell incomplete. The Sooners screamed for pass interference on Harris, but they were unaware (like almost everyone else) that a crashing linebacker had tipped the ball. Finally, on fourth down, Harris knocked down a pass in the end zone intended for Split End Buster Rhymes, who had burned the Cornhuskers on a 73-yard TD bomb in the second period.

No one questioned Harris' defense on the final play, but Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer was plenty upset about the third-down pass. Why, he hadn't been that worked up since one Marcus Dupree flew the coop to Southern Mississippi.

Said Switzer: "They [the officials] lose their guts. It was interference. We've got the slant play called to Shepard, and they split him right in the mouth with the ball in the air." Yes, the "splat" seemed obvious, but Switzer didn't know that an official had told Harris that he hadn't called the interference because the pass had been deflected. Though replays were inconclusive, Nebraska Linebacker Mike Knox, who was blitzing as Bradley rolled toward him, said he got a piece of the ball. "I didn't get a lot of it," he said, "but a bit of my hand touched it."

Despite the defensive heroics, it was an offensive play that summed up what Nebraska is about this season. It happened in the third period, right after Tillman's leaping touchdown and the ensuing extra point gave Oklahoma a 21-14 lead. The momentum had clearly shifted to the Sooners, who had already forced Nebraska to punt twice in the period. Never had the Cornhuskers' 21-game winning streak, longest in the NCAA, seemed more in jeopardy.

But Nebraska has a simple and savage way to get out of such situations—give the ball to Rozier, knock some people down and watch him run. Rozier went 62 yards around right end before being pushed out at the Oklahoma three-yard line, and two plays later Gill sneaked over for the touchdown that tied the game 21-21. Five minutes later Fullback Mark Schellen ran 17 yards on a trap for the TD that put Nebraska ahead to stay.

Rozier's long romp came on a play called "41 sprint option pitch." Steinkuhler and Right Tackle Scott Raridon, both All-Big Eight selections this season, were practically drooling when they arrived at the line of scrimmage and saw Oklahoma's defensive alignment—one man on each blocker and no one outside.

Steinkuhler, the probable Outland Trophy winner as lineman of the year, simply mowed down his man, and Raridon backed his man up and then got a line-backer. Meanwhile, Schellen sent Cornerback Bryan Hall flying with a vicious block in the backfield. "He tried to jump over the top," said Schellen, "and he paid the price."

When Rozier picks up his Heisman on Dec. 3, the highlight films will again show his inspired change-of-direction touchdown run against UCLA; it already has had more airings than *I Love Lucy*. Fine. But remember less spectacular plays like "41 sprint option pitch" and the blocking of teammates like Steinkuhler, Raridon and Schellen, because that's what really earned Rozier his Heisman and the slew of records he broke this season. They included most rushing touchdowns (29) in NCAA history and highest average per carry (7.16).

After the game Fryar summed up Nebraska's success as only Fryar could. "See, what counts is doing what you gotta do when you gotta do it," he said. "That's what we've been doing." And what they'll have to do in the Orange Bowl against Miami, another tough and hungry home team.

continued



... ran between the raindrops and over the puddles to cover 39 yards for another

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THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

In order to bring the ballowed Army-Navy game to the Rose Bowl, the organizers in Pasadena had to promise to transport, house and feed the entire student bodies and support groups of both academies—9,437 people—at no cost to the schools or the government. That was accomplished without a glitch. The credit goes largely to Rolfie Arnhym, West Point class of '53 and executive VP of the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce. Noting the declining attendance of the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia—last year's 67,307 was the lowest in 38 years—Arnhym sold the Pentagon on the Rose Bowl by, among other things, pointing out that California was chockablock with active and retired military personnel.

A potential problem was finding housing for the undergraduates for the several days around Thanksgiving, but just under 4,000 families in 31 cities in the Los Angeles area volunteered as hosts. "It was like having four more sons," said Don Gellon, a Pasadena Police Department detective who put up four midshipmen. "I even gave them keys to the car and told them to have a good time."

Another problem concerned mascots—

Navy's goat and Army's mule. To spare Bill XXII the trauma of the 6,000-mile round trip, Navy flew in a six-month-old goat from Texas. For similar reasons, Army rented four mules from a national park.

The game was no contest. Navy Tailback Napoleon McCallum caught the opening kickoff at the five-yard line, ran six yards and handed off to Eric Wallace, who sprinted the remaining 89 yards into the end zone. After an Army fumble, McCallum ran 14 yards to make it 14-0, and then Steve Brady returned an interception 65 yards to put the Middies up 21-0. By that time the cadet rooting section had amended its "Beat Navy!" yell to "Beat the Spread!" It had been favored by 8 points but it won 42-13 as McCallum rushed for 182 yards, giving him 1,587 for the year.

Afterward, the Middies and Cadets attended a postgame dance at the Pasadena Convention Center, where they were joined by 3,700 California girls. Edna Krueger, the organizer of the fete, said she had to turn away more than a thousand other women, many no doubt influenced by the movie *An Officer and a Gentleman*. "It's always been this way," she said. "Women relate to the mystique of a young cadet. This is the cream of the crop."

On Texas A&M's practice field it seemed as though a time machine was at work, for there was Bear Bryant, looking very much as he had when he coached the Aggies from 1954 to '57. Actually, it was actor Gary Busey, who last Friday took time out from his work on the forthcoming movie *Bear* to give a few words of Bryant-style inspiration to the A&M players before their game with Texas. "Had 'em bouncing off the walls," said one A&M official. For added inspiration Coach Jackie Sherrill dressed the team in all-maroon uniforms for the first time ever, and with Busey pacing the sidelines in a 1950s-style brown jacket and snap-brim hat (and holding the Bryant-trademark rolled-up program), the Aggies took a 13-0 lead over the Longhorns. "Hell yes, they were all fired up," said Texas Linebacker Jeff Leiding. "They were two miles above their comfort zone."

Late in the second quarter Texas brought in Rick McIvor, the third-string quarterback who had completed only three of 12 passes all season. With a gusting 30-mph wind at his back, McIvor led the Horns to six touchdowns and a field goal in their next seven possessions en route to the final 45-13 score.

SMU and Houston, which are 245 miles apart, traveled 6,400 miles to Tokyo to play in the Mirage Bowl before a crowd of 62,000 in National Stadium. The Mustangs took advantage of two Cougar fumbles, an interception and a bobbled punt to win 34-12.

Boston College's 20-13 victory over Alabama took place in torrential rain, snow and blustery winds, which tore the American flag in Foxboro's Sullivan Stadium to shreds and

blew a tree across a power line, causing a 35-minute blackout. "We tried to psych 'em," said BC Linebacker Steve DeOssie. "We never let 'em realize we felt as cold as they did. And this was the worst weather I've ever played in." Leading 13-6 in the third quarter, the Crimson Tide fumbled at its own 35- and 41-yard lines to set up the Eagles' tying and winning touchdowns.

SI TOP 20

1. NEBRASKA (12-0)	1*
2. TEXAS (11-0)	2
3. AUBURN (9-1)	3
4. MIAMI (10-1)	4
5. ILLINOIS (10-1)	5
6. BYU (10-1)	6
7. SMU (10-1)	7
8. CLEMSON (9-1-1)	8
9. GEORGIA (9-1-1)	9
10. FLORIDA (7-2-1)	10
11. MICHIGAN (9-2)	11
12. IOWA (9-2)	12
13. BOSTON COLL. (9-2)	13
14. MARYLAND (8-3)	14
15. OHIO STATE (8-3)	15
16. WEST VIRGINIA (8-3)	17
17. PITT (8-2-1)	18
18. E. CAROLINA (8-3)	19
19. AIR FORCE (8-2)	20
20. VIRGINIA TECH (9-2)	—

*Last week

Georgia sneaked by its 27-24 win over Georgia Tech with an interception by Tony Flack with 1:22 to play. Tech outrushed the Dawgs 278 yards to 233 and outpassed them 130 to 108. "They just hammered us," said Georgia Defensive Coordinator Bill Lewis.

Tennessee beat Vanderbilt 34-24 on 248 rushing yards by Tailback Johnnie Jones and the continuing out-of-this-world play of Defensive Tackle Reggie White. "I never saw anything like him," said Vandy Offensive Tackle Darrell Denson. "He'd come right through me and then pick me up and tell me how good I was doing."

It was just another day in the life of the Zendejas family. First Luis, who lacks for Arizona State, hit field goals of 33, 23 and 36 yards to help the Sun Devils to a 15-14 lead over Arizona and himself to the NCAA records for most points kicking in a season (112) and a career (295). Not bad for a junior. Then, with no time left in the game, Luis' brother Max kicked a 45-yarder to win it for Arizona, 17-15. Meanwhile, in Nevada-Reno's 27-20 Division I-AA playoff victory over Idaho State, Max and Luis' cousin Tony was busy making four of five field-goal attempts, including 53- and 56-yarders.



The Middies had fun in the California sun.



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Springs (321, inset) led Doak (41) home twice in two national meets last week.

Betty Springs to the fore

A North Carolina State coed won both the NCAA and TAC championships

by Craig Neff

Betty Springs looked out over the Penn State golf course last Saturday morning, a cold, stiff wind stinging at her cheeks. "I'll have to run conservatively," she told herself. "I'd better tuck in behind somebody." That would seemingly be easy: Springs is only 5' 2" and 100 pounds, and alongside her on the starting line of The Athletics Congress National Cross-Country Championships stood 129 other, generally larger, women. Because the top six American finishers would qualify for the XII IAAF World Cross-Country Championships, to be held next March 25 at the Meadowlands

in East Rutherford, N.J., at least a few of her rivals were likely to go out fast, and provide protection.

But Springs had other concerns, too. A surprise winter storm had hit University Park, Pa. two days before, and only now were the last thin cobwebs of snow melting off. That meant treacherous footing. Laid out mostly on grass, the 5,000-meter women's course would be rather squishy. Springs's biggest worry, however, was defending champion Lesley Welch, who, fittingly enough, made a big splash at the gun. In 1982, Welch, then attending the University of Virginia, had become the first woman in history to win both TAC and NCAA cross-country titles in the same year. Here she served notice that

she would not resign her TAC crown easily, aggressively attacking the opening hill, building a 10-yard lead on Springs in the first half mile.

"She was opening a gap, and I just couldn't allow that," Springs would say later. By the end of one mile, with the rest of the field 40 yards behind, Springs and Welch were running side by side.

What Springs wanted most was to repeat Welch's unique TAC-NCAA double. Five days earlier, in Bethlehem, Pa., Springs had defeated Iowa senior Nan

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NIMSLO 3D



Barie led UTEP to another men's team title, beating his closest individual rival by 175 yards at the finish of the NCAA race.

Doak by nearly five seconds in the NCAA championships, sprinting away from Doak in the final 400 yards after the two had duelled for nearly three miles. That victory had confirmed Springs as the nation's dominant collegiate woman distance runner—she won NCAA track titles at 5,000 and 10,000 meters last June, as well as the NCAA cross-country championship in 1981.

Now Springs wanted her first national title and toward that end was running a canny race. Just past the one-mile mark she and Welch veered sharply left onto a hazardously rutty, wildly undulating path cut through a blackberry bramble. This was the only truly mucky stretch on the course, and Springs came out of it with a slight lead. But the path debouched into another set of windswept fields and fairways; Springs promptly backed off and let the 5'10", 125-pound Welch deflect the unpredictable but strong gusts. She had briefly tried the same trick when facing steady winds at the NCAA meet, but with less success: Doak, her 4'11", 89-pound rival there, didn't provide much of a shield.

But Welch did, and while Springs drafted behind her, Welch labored. She hunched forward to reduce her wind resistance, to no avail. She began to tie up. With two miles to go, on a long uphill stretch, Springs went past her. That is, she flew past, hitting the crest of the hill with a 40-yard lead. From there Springs cruised down through the last mile of fields, reaching the finish in 16:30.8, an astounding 41.7 seconds under the women's course record. No one was within 120 yards of her. Doak finally reached the line in 16:47.3, taking second place, while the spent Welch struggled home 12th in 17:11.2.

As Springs set off on an easy jog to warm down, 322 men lined up for a hard

run. Their 10,000-meter national championship race would not determine the U.S. World Championship team—a qualifying trial next Feb. 19 at the Meadowlands will—and it seemed quite possible that the winner wouldn't even be an American. Foreign runners had dominated the NCAA men's race on the previous Monday, taking seven of the first 10 places. Zakaria Barie, a 24-year-old Tanzanian running for Texas-El Paso, had finished first, 175 yards ahead of Yobes Ondieki of Kenya and Iowa State, and had led the Miners—three Tanzanians, one South African, one Kenyan, one Norwegian and one, ahem, Californian—to their seventh team title in nine years. UTEP's 108 points had put the team well ahead of runners-up Wisconsin (164) and Oregon (171).

"I'm trying to recruit more Americans," said Miner Coach Larry Heidebrecht, who himself was born and raised in Hutchinson, Kans. "Eighteen of the 27

people we brought in this year are from the U.S." Still, Heidebrecht is likely to continue to take advantage of UTEP's traditionally strong overseas image. Such is the school's reputation in Tanzania, for example, that the Miners have already signed 30-year-old Filbert Bayi, former world-record holder in the mile (3:51.00), for his three remaining years of eligibility. "The Tanzanian government pressured him into coming [to UTEP] to train with his countrymen for the '88 Olympics," says Heidebrecht.

The one who felt the pressure as Saturday's men's race began was 24-year-old Pat Porter, the defending champion and America's best hope to win. "People say I got away with last year's race because nobody knew who I was," Porter said. "After I got a big lead everyone thought I would die. Well, this year people know who I am."

Porter, a slender (6 feet, 135 pounds) Coloradan whose credentials also include two NAIA titles in cross-country and one in the indoor two-mile as a student at Adams State College in Alamosa, Colo., did nothing to further his anonymity last Saturday. Leading all the way, he covered the Penn State course in 29:18.6—almost 50 seconds under the course record—and won by 110 yards over Sampson Obwacha of Kenya. Porter, who lives and trains at the 7,500-foot altitude of Alamosa, thus became the 14th man to win successive national cross-country titles.

"I don't know if I like cross-country better than track," said Porter, disappointed to find out that, alas, there would be no victory ceremony, "but it's sure nice to go out there and look like you're going somewhere instead of just running around in circles." Last week Porter and Springs proved they were both going somewhere.

END

Porter successfully defended his TAC title.



by Jim Kaplan

The Violets bloom again

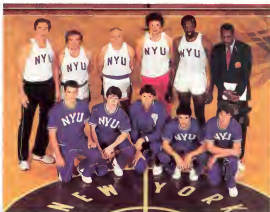
The city game made a celebrated comeback at New York University

David Brooks, New York University '85, and Sid Tanenbaum, NYU '47, were shooting baskets last week at the school's Jerome S. Coles Sports and Recreation Center in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. "Are you trying to bring back the two-handed set shot?" an onlooker asked the old grad.

"Yeah," said Tanenbaum, twice an All-America in his day, still trim and wiry at 58. "Maybe they'll give me an athletic scholarship."

"Hey!" said Brooks. "We don't have them any more."

That's not all that's changed at NYU.



Former NYU All-Americans (standing, from left) Schayes, Forman, Tanenbaum, Kramer, Sanders and Ramsey pose with '83 mainstays Moran, Terry Taupey, Dennis Frian, Greg Gonzalez and Joe Kempton.

Between 1971 and last Saturday night, NYU didn't have varsity basketball, either. Racked by financial troubles and overmatched in Division I, the school that boasted of its 1920 team, which won the National Championship Tournament, closed down its long and storied basketball program for 12 years.

On Saturday the Violets laughed in the face of an old NYU instructor, Thomas Wolfe: They went home again. Sure, it was Division III this time, and the names of the new players may never stand alongside those of Tanenbaum and some of his fellow All-Americans, Don Forman, Dolph Schayes, Cal Ramsey, Satch Sanders, Barry Kramer and Mal Graham. No matter. The homecoming against Manhattan rival City College was cause for a celebration. In a ceremonial preliminary, Tanenbaum and some other NYU and CCNY alumni delighted a capacity Coles crowd of 2,000 with an exhibition of two-handed set shooting. Then NYU and CCNY alumni teams played an exhibition. The NYU oldsters were coached by Schayes, 55, now a Syracuse real-estate developer. The first NBA player to score

15,000 points, Schayes was a 12-time all-star with the Syracuse Nats. The CCNY team was handled actively by former Knicks Coach Red Holzman and honorarily by the legendary 87-year-old Nat Holman ("Doesn't he look great!" people kept saying). Tanenbaum made the first basket, a two-handed set, naturally. The rest was smiles and memories. The Violets, led by a run of Kramer baskets, built up a 24-18 halftime lead. Mere sprites from the '70s and '80s played the second half, and CCNY won 54-42, but no one was counting.

In the main event, the Violets made the evening a sweet and sentimental success by winning easily, 67-52. Eat your heart out, Thomas Wolfe.

The buildup had not been auspicious. A Monday pep rally attracted only a few students, and pessimists wondered who would support a team of 10 freshmen and six juniors, especially at a school in the heart of an area bustling with night life whose students might think pick-and-roll is a New Wave dance.

Fortunately, the Violets are coached by Mike Muzio, a very patient man. After

continued



MVP Moran (23) was surely a cut above the CCNY players after a brush with a barber.

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putting in eight years as an NYU assistant coach, Muzio had been head coach for two weeks when the program was canceled on April 15, 1971. "I was on the Grand Central Parkway with a prospect named Danny Gastmann from South Side High on Long Island," he recalls. "We turned on the radio, and Howard Cosell came on like magic: 'NYU has dropped basketball.' I got the kid home, barely avoiding any number of accidents."

Muzio spent the next 12 years as NYU's deputy director of athletics, coaching basketball as a club and junior-varsity sport. When the university's financial picture improved, Muzio and Director of Athletics Dan Quilly were able to convince NYU President John Brademas to resurrect the sport in Division III.

CCNY was no match for this bunch of Violets. City lacked experience and height, if not spirit; it boasted the sexiest, sassiest, most spectacular cheerleaders to be found in a college gym anywhere. Muzio's five freshman starters built up a 31-22 halftime lead behind game MVP John Moran, a 6' 8" center who finished with 16 points and 11 rebounds.

Moran's own style was back-to-basics: posting, pivoting, positioning and boxing out. And if that didn't satisfy oldtimers,



Bill Feingold reminded NYU fans how to cheer.

he had a special game-day crewcut with long sideburns. "This is the haircut they wore in the '40s," he said later. "Hey, Dolph Schayes wore it." Schayes himself was sporting the elegant razor cut of a middle-aged businessman.

The slogan around NYU these days is THE TRADITION CONTINUES. Well, not precisely. In its heyday, NYU played its varsity games before sellout crowds at the old Madison Square Garden. "It was everyone's dream," says Tanenbaum. "There was little TV then, and this was the entertainment of the century."

Today's scene is much different. The Violets play in their gym—new but modest. Division III schools grant no athletic scholarships, and tuition plus room and board at NYU runs to more than \$11,000 a year. But the 1983 Violets are as close and cohesive as their predecessors.

All 16 players had either from New York City or its suburbs, and 12 came up through the parochial school system. "People wonder how we blend," says Guard Mike McMillan. "Well, seven of us played in the Brooklyn-Queens division of the parochial school league. We've been competing since grammar school."

The cohesiveness apparently extends beyond the players and out to the university as a whole. Says NYU Chancellor Jay Oliva, "Bringing back basketball was important to us. This is such a centrifugal school. Many forces pull us apart; basketball brings us together."

Just ask David Brooks, NYU '85, and Sid Tanenbaum, NYU '47.

THE WEEK

(Nov. 21-27)

by ROGER JACKSON

EAST North Carolina had one question to answer as the season began: Who would replace the departed Jimmy Braddock as the Tar Heels' point guard? Sophomore Steve Hale appeared to have the inside track on the job, but at the last minute Smith surprised everyone by going with freshman Kenny Smith (no relation to the coach). Smith, who became the fifth freshman ever to start an opening game in Coach Smith's 23 years at Chapel Hill, scored 14 points and dished out five assists to lead the Heels to a hard-fought 64-57 victory over Mizzen.

"He played with a lot of poise," said Smith the coach of Smith the frosh. "I didn't have to be jittery," said Kenny. "Everybody was keying on Michael [Jordan] and Sam [Perkins], so all I had to do was relax and play my game." Jordan scored 13 points but hit just six of 15 shots from the floor, while Perkins had 12 points and 13 rebounds but was only four of 10 from the field. Nonetheless, Jordan and Perkins teamed with Smith to spark a 10-2 Tar Heel burst that gave Carolina a commanding 59-49 lead with 1:38 to go. "He did a lot better than I did when I was a freshman," said Jordan, who was the last Tar Heel freshman to be given a starting assignment.

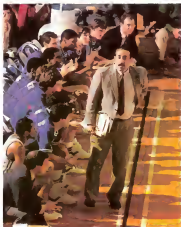
Another vaulted freshman guard, Syracuse's Dwayne (The Pearl) Washington, made a smashing debut, scoring his first basket just three seconds into the Orange's 88-49 rout of Colgate in the Carrier Dome. Washington scored a team-high 16 points and handed out six assists.

Senior Forward Mark Fothergill scored 17 points in Maryland's 108-65 defeat of Division III Johns Hopkins. Winston-Salem State's Clarence (Bighouse) Gaines became the fifth coach in history to surpass 700 career victories as the Rams won the Gaines Classic, named for Bighouse. No. 709 was a 100-72 win over Barber-Scotia (N.C.) in the opening round, and No. 701 was a 75-67 victory over Livingston in the title game.

MIDEAST DePaul's 73-58 victory over Northern Illinois in Rockford left Blue Demon Coach Ray Meyer just two wins shy of membership in the 700 club. But what pleased Meyer most was that his team had won on the road. "We only had two road victories [by a total of three points] last year," said Meyer. "Now we have half that." Guard Tony Jackson came off the bench to score a game-high 20 points for the Blue Demons.

"Being called Sikma was the joke of the week with playing Illinois Wesleyan," said Iowa Center Brad Lohaus, whose height

continued



Muzio's patience was tested to the limit.

[illegible]

(7 feet) and blond curly perm burdo match those of Jack Sikma, an All-America (1976-77) at Wesleyan and now an NBA All-Star at Seattle. In the Hawkeyes' 86-60 romp over Wesleyan in Iowa City, Lohaus was deadly serious, scoring 16 points and grabbing 12 rebounds to herald George Raveling's debut as Iowa's coach. Michigan State breezed to the championship of its own Spartan Classic in East Lansing, whipping Central Michigan 73-52 in the opening round and Western Michigan 81-52 in the final.

"They say you play like you practice," said LSU Coach Dale Brown after the Tigers struggled past New Orleans 67-59 and spoiled the dedication of UNO's \$38 million, 10,000-seat Lakefront Arena. "Tonight we refuted that statement. We have had 40 great practices, but we went out and played like we hadn't practiced at all." The Tigers trailed 30-21 at intermission, but 18 second-half points by Guard Derrick Taylor, who finished with a game-high 22, rallied LSU.

MIDWEST Call Houston's 91-76 thrashing of visiting Kansas *Return of the Jamma*. Phi Slamma Jamma, that is. The Cougars, who were embarrassed by North Carolina State in the Hall

SI TOP 20

- | | |
|-------------------------|----|
| 1. NORTH CAROLINA (1-0) | 1* |
| 2. KENTUCKY (1-0) | 2 |
| 3. HOUSTON (1-1) | 3 |
| 4. MEMPHIS STATE (2-0) | 4 |
| 5. GEORGETOWN (2-0) | 5 |
| 6. LSU (1-0) | 7 |
| 7. MICHIGAN STATE (2-0) | 8 |
| 8. LOUISVILLE (0-1) | 6 |
| 9. MARYLAND (1-0) | 9 |
| 10. UCLA (2-0) | 10 |
| 11. WICHITA STATE (1-0) | 11 |
| 12. IOWA (1-0) | 12 |
| 13. BOSTON COLL. (0-0) | 14 |
| 14. ARKANSAS (2-1) | 13 |
| 15. OREGON STATE (0-0) | 16 |
| 16. UTEP (1-0) | 17 |
| 17. DEPAUL (1-0) | 18 |
| 18. WAKE FOREST (0-0) | 19 |
| 19. VA. C'WEALTH (0-0) | 20 |
| 20. N.C. STATE (4-0) | — |

*Last week

of Fame Tap-Out Classic two weeks ago, rebounded against Kansas with a vengeance and spoiled the debut of Larry Brown, the Jayhawks' nomadic coach. Houston's zoning, trapping defense limited the Jayhawks to just 37.8% shooting from the floor, forced 22 turnovers and blocked six shots, while the offense, led by Michael Young's 25 points and Akeem Abdul Olajuwon's 19 points (and 15 rebounds), recorded eight dunks—four by Akeem the Dream.

Houston Guard Reid Gettys established a school record with 15 assists and officially joined PSJ with a breakaway dunk—the first of his college career—with 17:16 to go in the game. But the performance of 6' 9" freshman Center Greg Anderson, who was brilliant in the second half in place of a foul-plagued Olajuwon, was Coach Guy Lewis' most pleasant surprise. Anderson, who came on with 17:05 to play when Akeem went to the bench with his fourth foul, scored on a turnaround jumper, a follow shot and a slam, and grabbed three rebounds—all in the space of 8:30. He finished with eight points and nine rebounds in 15 minutes. "Anderson came in and played like a champ," said Lewis.

Only junior Forward Xavier (X-Man) McDaniel excelled in Wichita State's 59-58

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won over Lamar, which kept the Wheat-shockers' 19-game home-court winning streak alive. "On the road we might have lost this game," said McDaniel, who poured in a game-high 23 points and began the defense of his NCAA rebounding title with 14. Still, it took a free throw with 10 seconds left by reserve Guard Gilbert Wilburn to ensure the victory.

Memphis State had little trouble in winning two games in its own Mid-South Classic round robin. The Tigers beat Tennessee State 88-60 in the first, then pummeled North Texas State 101-79. Keith Lee scored 47 points, grabbed 22 rebounds and had six assists in the two games.

WEST North Carolina State won the Great Alaska Shootout in Anchorage, defeating Arkansas 65-60 in the championship game as the Wolfpack's Terry Gannon scored 15 points and Ernie Myers added 12. Joe Kleine, Arkansas' 6'11" center, scored 57 points in three games—including 18 in the final—and grabbed 32 rebounds to earn the tournament's MVP trophy.

The Wolfpack mucked its way into the championship game by holding off injured Alaska-Anchorage 68-60 in the opening

round, then nipping Santa Clara 78-75 despite 25 points and 12 rebounds by 7-foot Bronco Center Nick Vanos. Arkansas needed clutch free-throws shooting to earn a championship berth. The Razorbacks turned back North Texas 62-61 in the first round when Ricky Norious sank a foul shot with five seconds left, then outdueled Oklahoma 84-78 the next night. Kleine scored 23 points and had 14 rebounds for the Hogs, neutralizing a 24-point, 12-rebound performance by the OC's Wayman Tisdale.

Four thousand miles away, the residents of Hilo, Hawaii only thought they'd felt another earthquake. It was merely Georgetown, which spent the weekend rumbling to a pair of wins over Hawaii-Hilo. The Hoyas trounced the Vulcans 71-45 behind Fred Brown's 17 points, then rolled to a 97-35 win on Sunday as freshman Guard Reggie Williams scored 18 points.

After clubbing Idaho State 85-58 in its home opener, UCLA was lucky to escape with a 65-59 victory over determined Long Beach State. The 49ers were not only deadlocked with the Bruins at halftime, they held an astounding 20-8 rebounding advantage. "I went into a trade when I saw those stats," said Bruin Coach Larry Farmer. But junior

Center Stuart Gray brought the Bruins back in the second half. Gray, who scored 13 points, got 10 of his 11 rebounds after intermission.

UTEP opened the season with a 91-61 romp over Texas Southern, but Miner Coach Don Haskins was furious at his team's 28 turnovers. "Just 28!" Haskins asked sarcastically afterward. "I thought we had that many in the first 10 minutes." But the Miners also had three players in double figures, led by Fred Reynolds with 17 points.

Guard Steve Reid sank a pair of free

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RON HARPER: The sophomore forward scored a game-high 26 points and had 13 rebounds as Miami (Ohio) upset Indiana 63-57 in Bloomington. It was the Hoosiers' first loss to the Red-Jacks in 40 years.

throws with 11 seconds left to give Purdue a 56-55 upset of Fresno State in the finals of the Bulldogs' Sun Met Classic. The Boiler-makers got there by whipping Northeastern 83-64, while the Bulldogs crushed North Dakota State 83-54.

END



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Griffith (seated) and Dantley hope that Utah's home away from home hits the jackpot.

New floor show for Las Vegas

All bets were off when the Utah Jazz played their first game in Nevada

Four years and 164 home games after moving from New Orleans, the Utah Jazz finally got to play in a city that remotely fit the nickname they stole from Louisiana. Far removed from Salt Lake City, the Mormon Church and the Wasatch Mountains, the Jazz lost last week to the Chicago Bulls 128-117 in the first of 11 home-away-from-home games to be played in Las Vegas' new Thomas and Mack Center, just a short roll of the dice from the Strip.

However, the evening was not all gold and glitter. Sure, the Jazz's cheerleaders were as nifty as any chorus girls in town, but many in the crowd of 13,186—the largest in Utah Jazz history and the largest ever to attend an indoor sporting event in Vegas—didn't know whom to

root for: the "home" team or the home boys, Reggie Theus and Sidney Green, University of Nevada, Las Vegas products now playing for the Bulls.

Even without the matter of divided loyalties, there was some question as to how welcome the Jazz would be, a result of the NBA's ban on legalized betting on the 11 games to be played in Vegas. The operators of the town's 22 legitimate sports betting parlors weren't happy about that. In fact, as a sort of protest to the NBA, half a dozen of the sports books are not accepting bets on any Jazz games.

"It was the league's concern that anyone coming to these games should just cheer about what's happening out on the floor," says David Checketts, the Jazz's executive vice-president. "The league

by Anthony Cotton

didn't want a situation where Darrell Griffith hits a three-point shot at the buzzer to win a game for the Jazz and people boo him because they have money on the other team."

The gamblers, of course, live and die for just such situations. "I'm completely disillusioned with the NBA over this," says Lem Banker, a Vegas gambler. "There are more illegal bookies in New York's Madison Square Garden than in the whole state of Nevada. This is a league full of guys renegotiating contracts and sniffing coke, but they say they're worried about their credibility. If it wasn't for gambling, the NBA wouldn't have made it."

When Utah co-owner Sam Battistone announced last summer that the Jazz would set up shop in Las Vegas, his idea was to generate extra revenue for the team and help an old friend, Irwin Molasky—one of UNLV's biggest supporters—fill some dates in the new building. But all his Vegas move has done is to create ill will in Las Vegas and among the team's Salt Lake City fans. "The first thing I would have done was to take all the season-ticket holders and fly them into Vegas for the opening game, put them up in hotels and give them free tours of the city," says Checketts, who joined the team on Aug. 4. "That way it wouldn't have seemed only like something was being taken away from them."

The NBA's Board of Governors approved the Jazz's jankets to Vegas, but only after calling for a prohibition on betting in Vegas on the team's full 82-game schedule. The operators of the local sports books objected, claiming that the NBA was trying to take away the town's livelihood. The Nevada Gaming Commission struck the 11-game compromise, and even that brought howls of protest from the sports books, who felt, according to Vic Salerno, the president of the Nevada Association of Race and Sports Book Operators, that "the Commission sold us out to a bunch of carpetbaggers."

To the contrary, says Dave Fredman, a Jazz official who believes that the ban will actually help the gaming industry, "What they'll find," Fredman says, "is

continued

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that there wasn't a lot of money being bet on Utah games anyway, but with us here people will be more anxious to place bets more often on other NBA teams that have either been here or are coming here."

In any case, there is precedent for the betting prohibition. UNLV football and basketball games have officially been off the boards since 1972. Games of the Las Vegas Stars, the Triple A farm club of the San Diego Padres, can't be wagered on, either.

Salerno admits that the money bet on Jazz games "isn't relevant," but he says, "I just wonder what happens next. Will the hotels that these NBA teams stay in have to close their casinos? If they're concerned about a fix, the books are the best police the NBA could have because we have the most to lose. If any unusual amount of money came in on the Jazz or any team, we'd know something was wrong, and the game would be taken off the board."

As an example, Salerno cites a situation early last season involving the Detroit Pistons. Every time the Pistons played at the Pontiac Silverdome, the site of their 41 home games, the final score exceeded the books' over/under line, an estimate of the total number of points that will be scored in a game. To Salerno, this was a "problem," and no bets were allowed on Piston home games until the cause of the "problem" was uncovered.

"We concluded that when a ball went out of bounds or time was called, the timekeeper would snap the clock off, saving a few seconds here and there," Salerno says. "That added three or four minutes to every game, thereby providing more opportunities to score."

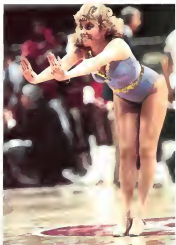
Although they didn't show it last week in Las Vegas, the Jazz is a much-improved team over last season's 30-52 squad, which finished 23 games behind Midwest Division leader San Antonio. Through last weekend, they were 7-9, four games behind the streaking Dallas Mavericks. Adrian Dantley, the 6'5" small-forward scoring machine, who missed all but 22 games last year because of torn ligaments in his right wrist, is back and averaging a league-leading 30.4 points a game, including a 47-point explosion (27 for 31 from the foul line) in the Jazz's 126-124 victory Friday over Denver. Forward John Drew played in only 44 games last season, part of which he spent in a drug-rehabilitation pro-

gram, but now he's averaging 21.3 points a game. Griffith is second in the league in three-point goal accuracy (21 for 44, .477), and is averaging 19.0 ppg. Moreover, the team is getting help from unexpected sources. Mark Eaton, the 7'4", 290-pound center who seemed to be a bust last year, had 17 points and 12 rebounds and blocked six shots on Nov. 16, when the Jazz beat the Boston Celtics 122-109. And rookie Forward Thurl Bailey played a big hand in the Jazz's win over the Lakers in Los Angeles last week, tipping in the shot that ensured the 130-126 overtime victory.

That was a notable success (the Jazz hadn't won in Los Angeles since December 1978), but the team was flat in its Vegas debut the next night. Utah Coach Frank Layden said after the game, "The Bulls would have beaten us in Chicago or at Niagara Falls."

Maybe, maybe not. But in Las Vegas all bets were off.

END

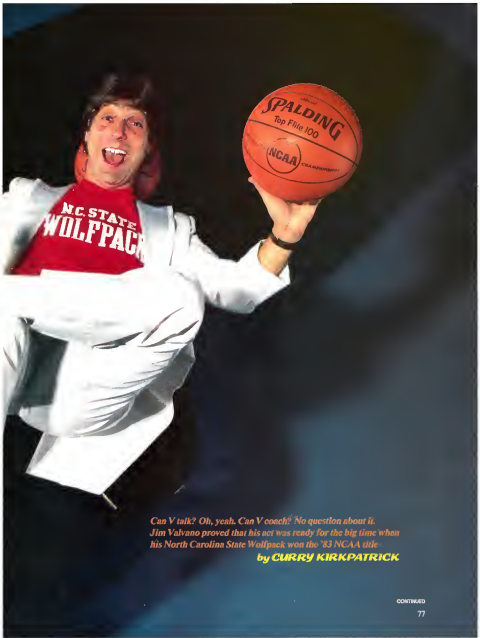


Griffith and the Jazz cheerleaders made some scintillating moves, but to no avail.



**HOW
KING RAT
BECAME
THE
BIG CHEESE**





Can V talk? Oh, yeah. Can V coach? No question about it. Jim Valvano proved that his act was ready for the big time when his North Carolina State Wolfpack won the '83 NCAA title.

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



V didn't like Ratso Razzo at all, because how many broads want to talk to Ratso? No question about it. Zero. V wasn't no Ratso. But wait a minute. That's another paradox, because all his life V has said there were only two kinds of people: Big-timers and Rats. And V was the Rat of all Rats. So what was so different?

Here V was, a have-not walk-on who needed a bank loan to get into

meaningless they are in the overall picture of the universe. A boss who cracks wise all over his players and coaches—V says he calls a closed practice and eight guys don't show up. V says he mentions Watergate and his guys think it's a video game—and then he treats them to limos and champagne and rescues them from nowhereville. A coach/romantic who carries a book of poetry in his briefcase right next to the scouting reports and the Binnea. So what was this, no Ratso?

Big-timers are celebrities, rich and famous, powerful and full of themselves. The kind of guys who fly in from the Coast to the summer camps and don't do right by the kids. Question-and-answer artists who do 10 minutes and split for the cocktail lounge, or NBA players who dunk five times and say do that and you can play in the NBA. Phonies and frauds and guys who forget where they came from, those are Big-timers.

Rats, though, are good. Rats are great. Rats are the little people, the blue-collar guys, the workers who struggle and overcome. The world needs Rats because Rats play the great D and get in people's



Valvano was a maestro who coaxed greatness from a mishmash of a team to beat mighty Houston. V couldn't find his designated hanger, but the Pack collectively took care of its coach in the end.

Yeah, well, all the stories about V are four-fifths quotes anyway, and since V's never in one place anymore and he's tired and hungry and his throat's scratchy and he says he's injured because he pulled a muscle in his tongue, the magazine guy figured he'd begin the story by trying to write the way V talks—without the f's, of course. No question. No question about it.

Take his national championship ... please. No, really. About the look-alike stuff, V says it's O.K. It's fine. It's great. Of course he loves it. No question. When V started out as Namath, he says they looked at Namath and said he was ruggedly handsome, but they looked at V and said he had a big nose. Then V was Pacino—son of Godfather, Godfather III and all that—which was O.K. because that meant he was probably Hoffman, too, so he started signing autographs "Love, Tootsie," and he loved every minute of it but then they called him Ratso Rizzo, and V didn't think that was so hot.

Rutgers. A full-blooded spaghetti-slinger who married the beautiful blonde Jewish princess. A fast-talking street guy from New York City's Borough of Queens who landed feet first in the North Carolina tobacco fields and hooked Moo U heart, soul and overalls. A non-stop BeeEsser who tells his North Carolina State players that the games are the most important 40 minutes of their lives and then afterward has to explain how



jocks and shuffle-cut to breakfast and double-team a tree and, yeah, Rats take the charge. Absolutely No question about it.

Why, didn't V give out Rat shirts and make up Rat slogans and carry a stuffed Rat mounted on a skateboard to all those 90 camps that summer, and keep that stuffed Rat in his office until one day the princess threw the Rat out and said it was time V went solo and made it on his own? No question about it. Didn't V say he still was one full-fledged amazing Rat right up to and including that night last April in Albuquerque, where in the locker room before the final NCAA tournament game he ranted and raved and got down smack in their faces and, growling from deep within those sandpaper lungs, challenged every last one of those other Rats?

You, Lowe, you are going to go out



and handle and dish and play the game of your life and lead us to the national championship! And you, Whitt, you are going to take those downtown J's and shoot the lights out and play the game of your life and lead us to the national championship! And you, Bailey, you are going to jump and bang and control the rock and play the game of your life and lead us to the national championship! No question.

And didn't V challenge himself, the King Rat of Rats, by telling them: Me? V? I'm ready I've never been so ready. I'm 37 years old and I've been dreaming of this moment all my life and preparing for it maybe longer than that. Me? I'm going to go out there and X and O and think and scream and coach the living hell out of this game, and we are going to win the national championship. And when V did just that; when Rocco and Angelina's kid from Alstyne Avenue in Corona, Queens, coached the living hell out of the NCAA title game and won that sucker for the Wolfpack, didn't V complain that from then on his most difficult struggle would be to keep from being a Big-timer and remain a Rat?

Ratso Rizzo? Of course V is Ratso. And thank goodness for that, because, as another older, more westernized Rat, name of John Wooden, wrote in a letter to V following the season, "You are great for the profession . . . please do not change." There was no question about it.

No man an island? Well, who said that King Rat or Jim Valvano or JTV Enterprises or Jimmy V or Coach V or, if you are counting knockdowns at the bell, simply V . . . who said that V couldn't be a stream? A stream of unconsciousness. Because V doesn't just talk like this. This fast. This disjointed. This emphatically and non-parenthetically. V lives like this. V's a livin'



stream. And funny? You want funny? Who you got—Lou Holtz? Lee Trevino? Al ("Aircraft Carrier") McGuire? You kidding? Bring 'em all out, V will give 'em two a side. V goes one-on-one with John Madden, it's a TD. V challenges Bob Uecker, it's over in three-and-a-third. Nobody's close, and we're not talking sports-funny here. V's not just a funny sports guy.

V is funny funny. Predawn funny. After-dinner funny. Talk-show funny. Sit-down, stand-up, prone-supine, in-your-

continued

face, sober-or-high, alltime hall-of-fame funny. V doesn't engage in conversation, he plays the room. V doesn't want a beer, he needs a hand mike. V doesn't live life, he collects material. V has a sense of the comedic art—precise timing, a special radar to the jugular vein. What do you expect? The man took comedy courses in college. V is a connoisseur of the greats. Benny. Burns. Mort Sahl. Mark Twain. Richard Pryor. He didn't just laugh at Jimmy Durante. At age seven he was doing Jimmy Durante. Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash,

to hug. Because I have dreamed of this moment all my life and I know I am only the 28th coach in history to win it and 60 million people are watching and I have been hugging Whitt after all of our games because he is my designated hugger and I know the cameras are on me and I am thinking V will make some history here. No question about it. Every Sunday of my life I have tuned in Wide World of Sports and heard about The Thrill of Victory and the Agony of Defeat and watched that skier come down

dle of nowhere and there's Whitt ... hugging somebody else! [Pause for laugh from portion of audience which has not fallen off chairs in delirium.] So I run left, looking for somebody to hug. Everybody is hugging somebody else. I run right, looking. Everybody is hugging. There is nobody left to hug! I have just won it all. History, 28th coach, 60 million watching. And I got nobody to hug! Where am I running? I finally find our athletic director, Willis Casey, a bit old and fat but a nice man. My boss. Gave me my break. He grabs me. He hugs me. Wonderful! Great! Finally, a hug! He's not Whitt. He's old and fat, but a hug's a hug. Slo-mo hug. Chariots of Fire hug. History. No question. And then Willis Casey kisses me square on the mouth! [Pause for screaming.] I have just won the national championship, 28th alltime to do it ... 60 million have watched me running around like a marine ... and then I fall into the arms of a fat old man who kisses me square on the mouth! The guy watching in Dubuque puts down his beer and says, "Mabel, come look at this." And me, V, the champion-of-the-world coach, running slo-mo, history, forever. I feel the Thrill of Victory and the Agony of Defeat all at the same time! No question about it.



The beautiful Pam thinks her man is as big a celebrity as Michael Jackson, and she may be right.

wherever you are. V's heroes are Allens. Not Richie and Lucius. Fred and Steve. All seriousness aside. And Bill Murray. That's the fact, Jack. And Robert Klein. We will send you, FREE of charge, EVERY single record EVER made. And, yeah, a real Rat. A Jady Rat. Joan Rivers. Can we talk? Can V?

So there I was when Lorenzo Charles dunked the ball ... I told him in the time-out, Lo', make believe anything that comes near the rim is a hubcap ... and I know we have won it, the national championship, and I am going to enjoy this and be famous so I start to run. Where was I running? I was running around looking for Derek Whittenburg

the mountaint ... boom, schuss, boom, splat ... and somewhere in France some poor woman is going "Look, Pierre, here comes ton père" and I know all they have ever had to show on Wide World is the Agony of Defeat and now I, V, will be the Thrill of Victory. No question whatsoever. I know the cameras are zeroing in on me running in slo-mo, like this [feigns running in slo-mo], and the crowd is roaring aashhhhhh and I am running and Whitt is running and Chariots of Fire is playing in the background and it is going to be history! Me! Whitt! Slo-Mo! Thrill of Victory! History! Me! Whitt! Together! Hug! Chariots of Fire! And I will be on TV forever. No question. And then I get out there in the mid-

For years Jim Valvano was known as just another young coach who could talk, recruit and, as they say in the trade, "turn the program around." The distinguishing feature of his personal program was that he could also make an awful lot of people laugh awfully hard. His are not gags out of Abe Lemons' twang bag of Will Rogers country tricks. Nor are they of the Al McGuire stripe: The Bowery Boys Visit High Mass. No. Valvano embellishes real-life situations with absurdity and threads whole wardrobes of hilarious routines out of incidental sackcloth. Thus: Bob and Ray and V. To this day Valvano claims he has never uttered an actual joke. "I'm not Myron Cohen," he says. But lines? Ah! Valvano seems to have blurted out a line or two—or 10—for literally every aspect of his life; moreover, throughout the monologues he has the true comic's saving grace of self-deprecation.

Nationality. "But really, I thought it was impossible to retire from being an Italian. But then my mother joined the bridge club, got her driver's license and

continued



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refused to make my father his sandwiches."

Marriage and the Family: "Yeah, and I've got a great home life. My wife is the former Pamela Susan Levine, the first girl I dated who didn't have a mustache. She saw my nose and thought I was Jewish. I saw her name and thought it ended in *i*. It was three years before we realized we had a mixed marriage. Now we have three great kids: Angelo, Irving and Scott. What does my wife make for dinner? Reservations."

Education: "So, I gave a scholarship to Rutgers but the recipient must have a higher average than I did. That lets out about three people on the East Coast."



V, the radio wise guy: Who's going to the Super Bowl? My Uncle Bruno, he's got tickets.

The South: "But seriously, I really love the South—the pace, the quiet. They have the traffic report on the radio, and it might as well be the civil defense alert. Nothing. No traffic. And the food. I start-

ed going to the old barbecue, which they call a pig-stickin'. Yeah. I get up in the morning and say, whoa, boy, there's nothin' I'd like better today than go stick a pig. I went to about 40 pig-stickin's one April and set the world's record for going to the john the following May. Now the ugliest four-letter word I know is p-o-r-k. And they drink that ice tea, right? The first year that I was in Raleigh I drank so much ice tea I started

to feel like I was Arthur Godfrey."

That Championship Season: "And you wouldn't believe all the people complaining about me commercializing the NCAA title. Well, yeah. But why shouldn't I milk it? We're an agricultural institution. I just hope they don't invoke the fluke rule on us this year."

Angelina Valvano says her middle son, James Thomas Anthony, "never woke up unhappy"; that he "hit the floor singing." But at St. Leo's grammar school the nuns hit the roof. Mr. Valvano, if it's so funny, why don't you share it with the rest of us? So he did. Do Durante, the third-graders waited. Hey, driver, does this bus go over the George Washington Bridge? [gravel voice] If it don't, we'll get awful wet. Bob Lloyd, V's All-America backcourt teammate at Rutgers, says rooming with him for two years was like "living with Henny Youngman."

Just as all the yuks have overshadowed his coaching abilities, his effervescence tended to obscure the young Valvano's athletic talents: all-Nassau County (Long Island) three-sport star at Seaford High; defensive stalwart and eighth-leading career scorer at Rutgers who once, on a night when Lloyd was injured, scored 38 points, and then in his swan song in 1967 made all-NIT. "I got in guys' jocks. I stuffed guys," says V. "No question." How did Wes Bialosuknia (Connecticut) get 51 and Jimmy Walker (Providence) get 58 off you, V? "Hey, you ever get writer's block? That's called a bad day. Two bad days. Bialosuknia was great-looking. I didn't know whether to guard him or ask him for a date."

That last season was a magical one at



Valvano juggles his spare time between selling hamburgers, soft drinks, encyclopedias and, yeah, V.

Rutgers—the Scarlet Knights went 22-7 and finished third in the NIT—hot after graduation. Valvano was remembered possibly as much for pledging four different fraternities ("Free lunches at every one," says V) and his bizarre pranks in the back of the bus as he was for his skill with the basketball. "He's never changed," says Bob Greacen, a teammate back then. "Jimmy's just riding a bigger bus."

It is difficult to ascertain whether Valvano's stops along the road from third place in the NIT to the championship of the NCAA were legitimate coaching posts or mere gigs in community theater. He collected basketball experience in assistantships at Rutgers and Connecticut and in head coaching positions at Johns Hopkins and Bucknell, all the while developing solid and fundamental teaching, recruiting, working and communicating habits. Johns Hopkins hadn't had a winning season in 26 years before Valvano's only year there (1969-70) when Hopkins finished 10-9. And last year, when the Blue Jays' old coach won the national championship, an alumnus of that Hopkins team, George Apple, named a newborn daughter Val.

When he was an assistant at Connecticut (1970-72) Valvano's wit and personality "kept me sane," says Dee Rowe, head coach at the time. "Of course, everybody Jimmy ever recruited led the strikes on the Student Union."

(Aw, come on. Can't anybody here get serious.)

And then, yes, Bucknell (1972-75): Valvano starts his own campus radio call-in program, on which, logically enough, they open the show with *The Godfather Love Theme*. Valvano suits up for pregame layups with the team. But also, Valvano schedules South Carolina and Wake Forest; plays a near-great Rutgers team to within three points at the half; leads the Bisons on a nine-game winning streak and makes the East Coast Conference playoffs.

Valvano's record as a head coach was a meager 43-51 when Iona hired him in 1975, but the New Rochelle, N.Y. school, situated in a suburb of New York City, was seeking an image to sell more than a savior to help its basketball team win. Iona was, in fact, in desperate competition for students with other Catholic schools in the area—St. John's, Fordham, Manhattan—and the Christian Brothers knew a good basketball team

continued



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was the easiest way to attract them quickly. "This program was in the worst shape of any of them," Valvano says. "But I knew I was home. The Iona kids were second-generation ethnics, commuters who pumped gas at night so they could afford to pay for their books in the morning. They were me."

To the target-shooters who think that Valvano's recent forays into commerce and merchandising are a *nouveau riche* reaction to winning the national championship, let it be known that the fellow is no Jimmy-come-lately. Valvano partook heavily of money and the media long before he arrived in Raleigh—in fact, right there in New Rochelle, the place where Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore once found heavenly wedded TV bliss.

It was at Iona that Valvano (now V) plunged into full-time radio and TV commitments and it was there that he wrote a newspaper column for the Gannett chain—no, he didn't invent *USA Today*, but he could have. No question about it. It was at Iona that V got into a restaurant partnership and advertising and sales and speeches and clinics and camps and appearances and conglomeratized himself and prepared for the future. He was barely 30 and preparing for the future. At Iona he incorporated JTV Enterprises and cultivated Manufacturers Hanover bankers, wealthy Gael grads who set him up in advantageous business deals and tax shelters. At Iona V became closer than ever to his players. He hung out with them at The Fonz's, tended bar, sang '50s oldies and drank amaretto till they had to drag him out of the place. At Iona he also began to win. Big.

You think V won at N.C. State? You think that V discovered the NCAA tournament in Raleigh? You think V took advantage of the free-throw line last season? In Valvano's final two seasons at Iona the Gaels won 51 games and played like positive murder

in the NCAAs, losing only in the last minute to Penn one year and Georgetown the next. Penn went to the Final Four in 1979; Georgetown, the best team in the country in March 1980, choked in the regionals. It might be recalled that Louisville won it all that season. On Jan. 21, 1980, Iona welcomed Louisville to Madison Square Garden. Final score: Iona 77, Louisville 60. In V's last three years at Iona the Gaels' power offense, built around the massive center, Jeff Ruland, created such havoc inside that the team ended up making almost as many foul shots as the opposition attempted. Ponder that stat a while.

Valvano loved Iona. The Big Apple, the second-generation ethnics. He had his portfolio ready, 8 x 10 glossies included, to take down to Madison Avenue. He was a hero around New York, set for life. No question. Then, in March 1980, N.C. State called. *The ACC*. And, as Valvano says, "My ego got the best of me." Way back, V had dreamed of the ACC. At Rutgers, just before he graduated, he told Greacen that someday he would coach in the ACC. On his coaching ladder of life the final rung was the ACC. His Rutgers coach, Bill Foster, had made it at Duke in the ACC. At Iona, V used to sit in an empty gym, introduce himself and sprint out on the court to a

standing ovation at the Final Four. V knew the easiest path to that reality was via the ACC. No question.

Amid the chaos surrounding V's departure from Iona, the administration announced the news before Valvano had a chance to explain himself to those players to whom he had grown so attached. The closest was Ruland, a junior who soon was discovered to have an agent and was declared ineligible for his senior season. Subsequently, rumors of improprieties surfaced, alleging free meals, taxi rides and phone calls for the Iona players, but nothing was proved. Valvano says he never knew anything about Ruland's agent. "When you have the truth on your side, you don't worry about it," says V, who follows Ruland's pro career with the Washington Bullets, checking out the box scores every day. But Ruland has not spoken to Valvano since the coach departed from New Rochelle.

N.C. State's Casey (remember the old fat guy in the *Chariots of Fire* slo-mo?) initially wanted DeMatha High School's Morgan Wootten as coach, but Wootten wouldn't bite, so Valvano ripped off his coat and tie in the interview with Casey and began: "Here's the premise . . . I . . . want . . . this . . . job. . . I . . . can . . . win . . . the . . . national . . . championship. . . At . . . North . . . Carolina . . . State."

Three years later, sure enough.

As if Valvano's outrageous wit was not enough to disguise his bench acumen, the Pack's incongruous storybook trip to all the marbles in New Mexico—CHARLES IS NABBED FOR PINCHING PIZZA

WHITT CRACKS ANKLE, OUT FOR YEAR
PACK FALLS TO 9-7
VALVANO SIGNS 10-YEAR CONTRACT
WHITT RETURNS
STATE FINISHES SEASON 4TH IN LEAGUE
PACK UPSETS HEELS
STATE TOPPLES RALPH, ACC CHAMPS
MIRACULOUS COMEBACK STUNS RPI
PERDINE . . . V-AFFS

continues

Valvano, who knows a little of everything, makes a point to soccer Coach George Sarantis.



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VALVANO

CONTINUED

VEGAS SURPRISE: "THE DREAM CONTINUES" ... WOLFPACK ENDS SAMPSON CAREER ... CHARLES DUNKING, IT'S OVER—because so compelling that it seized the emotions of even the most jaded among us and left Valvano's astounding coaching performance lying there practically hidden in the New Mexico sagebrush.

In Wooden's cherished letter to Valvano, which V had laminated and put up on his office wall, the UCLA wizard says, "... your effort in the tournament this year and that of Don Haskins in 1966 are the two finest NCAA tournament coaching jobs I have ever seen." With all due respect to Texas El Paso's Haskins, as well as to the Rupp, Woodens, Knights and Smiths, the truth is simply this: No man ever capoled, connived, whipped, sawed, laughed, sobbed, held together, led and walked his young wards to the national championship in precisely the manner Valvano did. No one ever won the thing strictly by coaching as much as this man. In the ultimate coaches' sport, V was the ultimate. No question

about it. Never has a mentor used the rules and the personnel at his disposal with such effectiveness. In the regular season the three-point basket and the 30-second shot clock were twin six-guns that V spun out of his holsters. In a preseason game the Wolfpack had taken 23 shots from three-point range and made 13. "I'm not saying 19 feet is too close," V said, "but at halftime my mother came down and hit three of four from there."

may have come after the Pack lost four of its six games following Whittenburg's injury. State then won seven of eight against the canine likes of Georgia Tech, Duke and The Citadel. Plainly, State itself was a bad team. But playing well. Being coached brilliantly.

V was somber. The day after Whittenburg went down, V read A.E. Housman's poem *To An Athlete Dying Young* to the squad. "Here it was, it was happening."

V says, "The name died before the man. Wow, heavy."

V was also sardonic. "Cozell McQueen, Big Co, our center, what a surprise!" he said. "Co's from Bennettsville, South Carolina. I couldn't believe we got him. I asked Co why he wanted to come to State. He said, 'Coach V, I always wanted to go to school in the North.'"

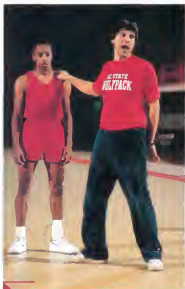
Valvano is the hot-blooded Italian loud-mouth, right? At State he has never been assessed a technical foul. In two enormous games last year, two techs called on North Carolina's revered Dean Smith and one on Virginia Assistant Jim Larranaga reversed the momentum drastically, leading to a Valvano-coached State team's first-ever win against

archrival Carolina and the Pack's ACC tournament championship victory over UVA. By that time Smith not only was borrowing V's lines—"Uh, heh-heh, looks like Jimmy's foul-shot defense again"—he was stealing that very strategy. Except that Valvano fouled only when behind. In the ACC semis Smith had his Tar Heels foul State while ahead. Six points ahead. It didn't work, and the Wolfpack pulled off another upset.

"Dean was smart," V says. "Hey, the guy doesn't win 400 games every year or get a statue of his head put in an eight-million-seat arena by having Cream of Wheat upstairs. Hey, with that three-point sucker staring you in the face, don't

continued

Putting your players in position to win, says Valvano, is the key to successful coaching.



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think I didn't mull fouling on the lead. Give up two to get a three, or two to get back a deuce, it's a push. Hope they miss and you don't. Hey, I want the rock. I want control. Don't let the other guy hold it and take the last shot. Foul 'em immediately. I got to have the jewels to put you on the line, put the winning run on base. Then I get the ups. You don't determine the game, I do. Listen, this is not a complicated game. It's simple. No

son drains a three-pointer to cut the Wolfpack lead to 79-78 with 20 seconds left. Virginia lets 14 seconds elapse before fouling State's best free-throw shooter, Whittenburg, who nails the one-and-one. Needing a three-pointer to tie, the Cavs' slowest player, Doug Newburgh, dribbles up court. State wins 81-78.

NCAA West Sub-Regional, State-Pepperdine. In the first overtime the Wolfpack is behind 59-55 and the other

played only six minutes and taken not a single shot, ends up having to shoot. Mullen barely finds iron. Wilson's rebound is followed by a panicky half-pass, half-prayer air ball. State wins 63-62. Good-night, sweet prince. "I'm not gonna let the great player beat me," says V. "If Ralph beats me, I don't sleep for six years. If Mullen beats me, I sleep like a baby. Only Mullen ain't gonna make that shot. No way. No question."

NCAA Final, State-Houston. The rout. The laughter. Phi Slamma Jamma can mail it in. One guy writes (Valvano's favorite): "Rain would make it perfect. It always rains at an execution." Only V remembers that Houston lost to a Virginia team that was playing *without* Sampson. V knows Houston can't shoot free throws. V says stuff like "We'll hide the bull till Tuesday" and "even Angelina is taking Houston and giving the seven." But V knows he's ready. Houston's the Big-timer, remember. But V's the Rat. You kiddin'? This is a lock.

What happened was that the Houston bench simply wasn't ready for this visceral, even intellectual, approach to the fray by the attack Rat down at the opposite end. The Phi Slams had prepared for a day. The Rat had prepared all his rodent career. Everyone remembers how Houston held when it should have run—ahead 42-35 after a 17-2 spurt. But Houston also shot when it should have held, and that may have been equally damaging. With his team ahead 52-50 at 1:59, Akeem Oluajuwon forced one up from the baseline, enabling Whittenburg to answer again from somewhere on the outskirts of Santa Fe. It was 52-52, and V was in heaven, or the vicinity of *déjà vu*.

At 1:55 State fouled Houston freshman Alvin Franklin, who hadn't been on the line all night. Franklin's free throw never had a chance. McQueen rebounded, and State called time with 44 seconds to go. The Pack held. Whitt shot the golden knuckler, Charles slammed and, just like that, V became a genius looking for somebody to hug.

Yeah, well, O.K., so V's got the TV stuff and the newspaper column and the radio talk shows. . . . Somebody called in the other night and wanted to know who's going to the Super Bowl and V said his uncle, Bruno, he's got rickets. So he's got the Coach V clothes line and the bank ads and the health spa endorse-

continued



Foster (left) coached V at Rutgers. Lloyd says life with V was like "living with Henry Youngman."

question about it. Coaching is treatment of players—putting your guys in position to win. I dig into the anatomy of the game. That's the kick, the rush. From there it's execution, and I got no part in that. But getting there. Yeah. I want the hammer. We had two automatics at the ends of games. Foul fast, don't waste any time on the clock. And foul the guy who missed from the line before. If you missed, we tackled you. No question about it. The rule? [In the off-season the NCAA rewrote the end-of-game foul rule, making all fouls within the last two minutes of the game worth two shots when the bonus rule is in effect. Call it the Valvano Equation.] If the other was such a bad rule, why didn't anybody ever foul us back? Fast?"

ACC Final, State-Virginia. Othell Wil-

guys have the ball. But in the last 29 seconds State fouls Dane Suttle, an 84% free-throw shooter, not once but twice. Suttle misses both one-and-one chances. State wins in double OT, 69-67.

NCAA West Regional, State-Virginia. Whittenburg hits from 25 feet to tie the game at 61 with 1:26 left. State immediately fouls Wilson. He makes the first but misses the second. UVA 62-61. A year before in Raleigh, same situation, State had played for the last shot and Whittenburg had missed. This time State takes the first available shot at :23. Whittenburg drives and feeds Charles, who is fouled. He makes both. State 63-62. In Sampson's last college sequence, Valvano has the Pack sandwich Ralph with a 1-3 defense and a chaser on Wilson. Both are harassed, and Tim Mullen, who has

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ments. . . V says he'd love to work out but every time he steps into the whirlpool he breaks out in a rash. . . And so he did the clinics and seminars for Hardee's hamburgers and the shells for Mountain Dew and the speeches for IBM and Encyclopaedia Britannica and the personal appearances and his fee's gone up to \$3,500 a shot. So what? The guy does so much charity work for free some lady came in the other day from the committee to aid teenage pregnancies or something and V said wait, I had nothing to do with her. I was robbing the liquor store at the time, and anyway, she told me she was 22.

Everybody gets on V for selling himself and compares him to Deano low-profiling it over in Chapel Hill, pushing his nuclear freeze bot. Well, yeah, V says, I know, I know. Deano is really



Valvano can be deadly serious when it comes to coaching, a fact borne out in Albuquerque.



hurting over there in his motor home, barely surviving on hot dogs and beans, but hey, wait, V's gonna have more impact because when everybody gets nuked we're gonna need us a little Mountain Dew with our char-broiled burgers. No question.

And anyway, if V isn't the embodiment of the American Dream. . . Grandpa over from Naples on the boat to Ellis Island. . . Grandson grows up to live in the castle on the golf course and meet the President. . . Which reminds V that when Ronnie asked him if it was Valvano or Val-vane-o, V asked Ronnie is it Ree-gun or Ray-gun? V also met his all-time guy, Sinatra, posed with him even, and Frankie said, "Hey, Paisan, you've made all Italians happy." Him, V. Yeah.

And V's worked for all this, being away from the gorgeous Pam and the

three gorgeous daughters all the time. Why, he looked up the other day and his oldest daughter, Nicole, was 14 and he didn't even know who Rock (sic) Springsteen was. Aw, so what, V says, Rick couldn't carry Dion's jockstrap anyway. Of course Pam never liked the limelight either. She always wanted to go out with just a few couples, and V wanted a crowd of 100 and now she feels as if she's "sharing him with America." Like V's as big as Michael Jackson or something. So maybe he is and, well, is V the American Dream or what? Raking in the half million a year, with the silver sports car and the Mark VI Continental and the beach house. No question whatsoever.

The thing about V is, he doesn't take himself seriously. V knows it's only a bouncing ball. V makes it reasonable to believe that a good coach can be a great

clown and still get the job done; that a guy can joke and jive and X and O people to dust all in the same sentence; that a game isn't war or even life and death, it's simply grist for another laugh track. People think V is such a winner, but they ought to see him losing. V is gang-busters on the short end. It's like Casey said, "Valvano knows how to lose better than anybody in the history of this league." No question.

You figure it out. The magazine guy wants to eat. Hanging around with V means never having to say you're full. All you get is fast-food junk and popcorn five times a day. V keeps going on diets. Of course, V's an insomniac, never sleeps a wink. A waste of time and all that. And that's a cinch fat-loser. But popcorn all day and amaretto all night and no pasta? What kind of paisan is

that? And V hates breakfast because he says it makes people sick to their stomachs, which is probably right on.

V's old coach, Foster, down at South Carolina now, had a heart bypass last year, and after V visited, Foster says he had to get "re-stitched," he was falling off the bed. It's just like V's buddy Frank Duscenzo wrote in *The Durham Sun* last year. It's there in V's book about the championship. *Too Soon To Quar*. V will point it out to you. No question. "Valvano lights up a day, a week, a season. He is never dull. He is fun . . . entertaining . . . intelligent. Stay around him long enough and you become smarter."

Yeah, and a whole lot happier. Which, when you think about it, whether you're a Big-timer or a Rat or even a magazine guy, is a lot more important. No question about it.

END

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T E L E V I S I O N

On The Scene

by FRANZ LUDZ

IN THE POOL OF OLYMPIC ASPIRANTS, THESE GUYS ARE OLDIES BUT GOODIES

David McCagg occasionally feels old enough to have seen diplodocuses flopping about in the primal sea. He's 25, which makes him a first cousin to the dinosaur in the pool of competitive swimming. McCagg, a sprinter, and his buddies, Kyle Miller and David Larson, both 24-year-old middle-distance men, arrived at the U.S. National Long Course championships in Fresno, Calif. this summer by way of the Mesozoic Era. Twenty-four is practically the afterlife for Olympic swimming aspirants.

The three are the prize relics of the Florida Aquatic Swim Team (FAST). They competed at the Fresno championships against yestery high school and college kids "I can't see myself still swimming when I'm that old," said their teammate Tracy Caulkins, who at 20 isn't too far from extinction. "But it's nice to know that it can be done." She paused, and then added, "With enthusiasm."

McCagg, Larson and Miller are hanging on because they want to swim in the Olympics. They missed the last Games in their own epoch because of the boycott. Swimmers often get only one shot at Olympic glory, and the U.S. Government's refusal to allow American athletes to go to Moscow smashed the hopes of the 1980 team the way *Moby Dick* shattered the Pequod. "People will never realize what it did to a dedicated group of athletes, maybe the most dedicated there is," says FAST Coach Randy Reese.

"My parents have been divorced, but nothing hurt me more than the boycott," says McCagg, who had finished eighth in the 100-meter freestyle at the '76 Olympic Trials and was world champion in that event in '78. "It tore me up inside. I hated everyone who had anything to do with it. It didn't accomplish a damn thing."

McCagg was so devastated that he quit swimming for four months. In fact, all

three have quit for periods of at least half a year. Swimmers tend to drop out after college. Among other things, they've lost their financial underpinnings. Besides, the rigorous training that swimming requires is more or less incompatible with the demands of adulthood.

Swimming exacts a terrible physical toll as well. "There's not a morning that I don't wake up sore with aches in my joints and sharp pains in my shoulders," says McCagg. "But when I have doubts, I just sit down and think how I'd feel having to watch the Games on television."

McCagg, a rugged 6' 4" native of Fort Myers Beach, Fla. who attended Auburn, is a semi-reformed beach bum. He sees the world from behind Richard Petty shades. He has long, thick forearms and a powerful kick.

To hear McCagg and his pals tell it, they're all just a bunch of thrill-seeking party animals. Well, maybe fish, as befits athletes who spend half their lives in wa-

ter that they never get monotonous." They range from kicking with tennis shoes on to "baskets"—tying a rope around a swimmer's waist and then anchoring the other end of the rope, via an overhead pulley, to a milk crate loaded with weights on the side of the pool. Reese once even considered having his swimmers sluice through a one-lane tank filled with baby oil.

Reese's most grueling water torture is staged in Florida's Ichetucknee River. Once a week he requires his team to swim three miles upstream against the strong current. "It's the hardest thing I've ever imagined doing or ever done," McCagg says. The exercise can last three hours and leaves the swimmers looking something like William Holden floating face down in Sunset Boulevard.

Occasionally a snake will slither across a swimmer's path, and Reese, leading the way in a canoe, will try to dispatch it with a paddle. McCagg is afraid of snakes. "I don't like anything that can put me under," he explains. "I don't like snakes or alligators or sharks."

The only shark he gets along with is Larson. "I'm a great white," Larson says. "They're natural survivors; they never really had to evolve. To stay on top, all I've had to do is keep fit and dominant. Living in the sea, you either eat or get eaten."

A lean fellow (6' 1", 180 pounds) with flinty resolve, Larson has been dining on the 200-freestyle field. He won the 200-yard free at the national short-course championships in Indianapolis in April.

Since 1979, Gaines and Larson, a native of Jesup, Ga. and a graduate of the University of Florida, have won nine U.S. 200 freestyle titles between them, but Larson has never beaten Gaines in long-course competition.

When Larson defeated Gaines at the 1983 short-course nationals, he, McCagg, Miller and Jeff Smith, a Zen-spouting dentist friend, had a legendary boochial in which they downed 10 dozen oysters, 14 dozen chicken wings and enough beer to fill a sensory deprivation tank. The idea was to stay up and go water-skating early the next morning. They made it—a case of mind over matter.

Miller, who's from the same town and



They're FAST: (from left) McCagg, Miller, Caulkins and Reese and Larson.

ter "I'm a barracuda," McCagg says. "I'm naturally mean, not real understanding or polite. And I'm probably seen as a jerk by the other swimmers."

In 1981 McCagg quit swimming again, this time for more than a year. He wanted to become an actor and tried his luck as a model in California, but he wound up tending bar. He returned to FAST in April of 1982 and finished second to world-record holder Rowdy Gaines in the 100 free at the long-course championships that August in Indianapolis.

McCagg credits his success to Reese's unorthodox training methods. "Reese's always inventing things," says McCagg, "and he keeps varying our routines so



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ON THE SCENE continued

school as Larson, credits a book, *The Man Who Tapped the Secrets of the Universe*, by Glenn Clark, with helping him decide to stick with swimming through the '84 Olympics. He is a steady if unspectacular performer who makes up for his lack of size (5' 10", 160 pounds) with textbook-perfect technique. "I've always been right in there, but never on top," he says. "I told myself I'd hang up my suit when I didn't improve anymore." Last year he was third in the 200 free at the trials to select the U.S. team for the world championships. He may be the best 300 IM swimmer in the country, but, unfortunately, he isn't too proficient in the breaststroke, and the IM is a 400-meter event, breaststroke included.

Miller is a Siamese fighting fish. "I'm at ease when I'm by myself in a bowl," he says. "But when I'm in a race, it's match play."

The best of the oldsters may be Gaines, 24, the one who got away. The world's top 100- and 200-free swimmer, he set his first world record while swimming for Reese. Gaines retired in April '81, but a year later became a member of the War Eagle Swim Team, a club based at Auburn. Now he swims for Longhorn Aquatics, where he works with Richard Quick, his old coach at Auburn, and Reese's brother, Eddie.

Gaines is a breed apart; he identifies more with porpoises than killer fish. "Sharks don't mess around with porpoises," Gaines says, which may explain why he's done so well against Larson. "Porpoises are graceful, friendly and easy to get along with. They know they're bad and they don't have to prove it."

Gaines lacks the obsessive single-minded devotion of the other three old-timers. Last summer he doubted that he could hold out until the Olympics. After this year's long-course nationals he made a list of the pros and cons and tallied them up. But as Gaines says, "It all boiled down to everyone telling me, and my thinking that if I quit, 20 years down the line it would haunt me."

"I realized I was old," he says, "when Kim Brown of the Mission Viejo team passed me in a workout. I was just warming up and Kim, who was just a little 12-year-old girl, scooted right by me. I thought, 'My God, what am I doing here? Who else in the world is still busting his butt in the water at 24?'"

Well, for three, those candidates for a tar pit, Miller, McCagg and Larson. **END**

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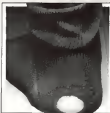
a lot of money, either), look closely at your awful-looking socks.

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enough. The fact is, most socks are made in this mediocre way.

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How many items do you own which allow you the joy of saying, "This is the best money can buy"? So stop humiliating yourself with all those slack, shabby socks and head for A & S, Bamberger's, Bloomingdale's, Gimbel's, Hahne's, Lord & Taylor, Macy's or Stern's.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 21-27

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

PRO BASKETBALL—Some called it a close-Moe, but it was more like an auto. Wade [12] led in play and Portland leading 146-111. Portland's Dennis Scott, Doug Moe found out that the Tall Blazers' team record was 130 points in a game. He called a timeout and told his players, "Let them have it." That the Nuggets did, standing stony in place in Portland scored five unanswered baskets and won 156-116. "It makes the line move any different on the road than we put up against them in the first and second quarters," said Moe. "We didn't guard anybody all night long." Wade then took over. Denver coach the Mike in points given up (127 p.p.g.) game. But the Nuggets also led the league in scoring (112.5) and trail Dallas by only 24 points in the Midwest Division. Portland went on to score back-to-back wins over Seattle and wound up the week tied with Los Angeles and the Pacific Division, while Milwaukee lost over the Central lead from Atlanta. Atlantic Division leader Philadelphia won all three of its games, including the first meeting of Philadelphia's successor and the mile who would be Moses, Houston's Ralph Sampson. Malone outscored Sampson 26-20 and handled him on the boards 11-13 in the first half. The 30-year-old Malone ("That was not a battle between Ralph and me. He's a team player and so am I." But it seemed unlikely that Houston's first seed crowd of the year had come to watch the 3-9 Rockets game the ball around. Another big crowd—13,186—saw Utah lose 128-117 to Chicago in the Jazz's first regular-season game in Las Vegas since 1976.

BOKING—LARRY HOLMES, the WBC heavyweight champion, scored a first-round TKO against Marvin Frazer in a knockout fight in Las Vegas (page 26).

MICHAEL SPINKS retained his world light-heavyweight title with a 10th-round knockout of Oscar Roa in Vancouver.

CROSS-COUNTRY—BETTY SPRINGS of North Carolina State won the NCAA women's cross-country championship in Bethlehem, Pa., as well as the IAC title in University Park, Pa. Oregon won the NCAA women's team crown. ZAKARIA BLAKE won the NCAA men's title to lead UTLP to the team championship. In the IAC men's competition, PAUL FORTNER successfully defended his 1982 title (page 62).

PRO FOOTBALL—There were two "Slam Games" on TV Saturday afternoon: the golf exhibition featuring Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Tom Watson and Gary Player (page 28), and Washington's 26-24 defeat of Philadelphia, in which the Redskins, John Riggins set a league record of 21 rushing touchdowns in a season by scoring twice in the second half. Judging from Riggins' comments after the game, he spent halfhearted in front of the tube, watching golf. "I had a lot of fun doing this year," he said. "But as they say, 'You drive for the show you put for the show.' The week kept Washington tied for first in the NFC East with Dallas in a week's time over the Lions on Thanksgiving. Detroit demolished Philadelphia 45-7 in the other tied Day bomb. I muffed over what the winning point of the game was," said Soccer Coach Chuck Wolf. "I decided it was the opening kickoff." Nevertheless Pittsburgh held a one-game lead in the AFC Central over Cleveland, a 41-23 winner over Baltimore, while Detroit took Minnesota for first in the NFC Central when the Vikings stumbled 17-16 against a reformed team from New Orleans. The 7-6 Saints made their debut in the NFC West, ahead of San Francisco (who saved in 1-1) in Chicago. A game back in Atlanta, where Kerry Blackwell made his debut on interception 51 yards for a touchdown. In the second of the day to give the Falcons a 47-41 sudden-death win over Green Bay. The Rams, who have made it to the 100th day of the season by a game. The AFC West-leading Raiders beat the Colts 27-17, while the second-place Denver lost to San Diego 31-17. As the Jets prepared to adjust after five weeks in the AFC East, they defeated New England 26-7. Seattle outgained Dallas City 51-48 and Tampa Bay beat Houston 31-24 (page 38).

HOCKEY—New York's suburban hockey team, the Islanders, got to their inner-city counterparts, the

Rangers, without traversing any of the usual bridges or narrow. Mike Bossy had 10th straight hat-trick, of the Islanders' routed Chicago 9-3. In their 12th victory in 14 games. Meanwhile, the Rangers were getting beaten right, left and center—4-0 by Buffalo, 3-0 by Washington and 4-3 in overtime by Hartford—and relegating the Patrick Division lead to the Islanders. In the Adams Division, Buffalo temporarily displaced Boston in first place, but the Bruins, who had lost 6-3 to Quebec, quickly regained the top spot, defeating New Jersey 6-3. The Nordiques obviously knocked off Buffalo 3-1. Montreal blew a third lead in danger in the Patrick Division, losing 6-4 to Toronto and dropping into a three-way tie for first with the Maple Leafs and Chicago before a 2-2 tie with Edmonton moved the North Stars back on top.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL, Cleveland beat Memphis 6-4, dropping the Americans a game, while the head of the top-scoring Force in the Eastern Division, Baltimore's Dave McWilliams, had gone winners on consecutive nights in the Eastern Division West-leading St. Louis 6-5 and Los Angeles 7-3.

NASC, The Cosmos repeated Tampa 8-7 in overtime, but the Roadrunners rebounded behind Bill Casey's four goals to beat last-place Tampa Bay 7-6. San Diego outscored Chicago for the league lead with a 3-0 defeat of the Sting.

MARPOETS—ARRESTED. On charges of cocaine possession, NBA junior women's champion AARON PRYOR in Los Angeles. He was released on \$250,000 bail.

On drunken driving charges, three-time NASCAR champion CALE YARBOROUGH, in Columbus, S.C. He was released on his own recognizance (18) the custody of his brother.

BANNED—From competing in the 1984 Winter Olympics, INGEMAR STENMARK of Sweden and HANNI WENZEL of Liechtenstein, each of whom won two gold medals in Alpine skiing at the 1980 Games. The International Olympic Committee upheld an International Ski Federation decision declaring the two ineligible because they held special competition licenses that allow them to receive special payments, in prize money and from commercial sponsors, while sking on the World Cup circuit.

FIRE—By the Major League Baseball Players Association, Executive Director KEN MOFFETT, 51 Marvin Miller, who left the post on Jan. 1 after 16½ years, was named interim director (page 18).

By the New Jersey Devils, Coach BILLY MACMILLAN, 48, after the Devils lost 18 of their first 20 games. TOM MEVIE, 48, coach of the Devils' minor league club in Portland, Maine, was named coach.

NAMED As the National and American League Roobies of the Year, respectively, New York Mets Rightfielder DAVIDY STRAWBERRY 21, and Chicago White Sox Leftfielder RON KITTLE 25.

As football coach at Rice, WATSON BROWN 31, who had a 4-6-1 record in one season at Cincinnati.

As coach of the Winnipeg Jets, BARRY LONG 34, a former Jets defenseman and a coach who became an assistant coach only two weeks ago.

TRADED—By the Oakland A's, Pitcher DAVE BEARD 24 and Catcher BOB KLEIN 27 to the Seattle Mariners for Pitcher BILL CALDWELL 27, and a player to be named later.

• • CREDITS • •

1-3-Dan Baker, 14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-12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Edited by GAY FLOOD

COVER CHAMP

Sir:

Thank you for two exceptional articles by William Nick on Roberto Duran ("I Am Still a Pistol," Nov. 7, and *Marvelous Was Something Less Than Marvelous*, Nov. 21). What really has me elated, however, is that, with those two issues, my collection of SI covers of Duran has ballooned to eight! With Thomas Hearns waiting in the wings, can Duran be far from breaking the SI cover record? Who has the honor of having the most covers?

BRIAN A. SPERRY
Middlebury, VT.

■ Muhammad Ali, with the 28 reproduced here.—ED



6/10/63



2/24/64



3/9/64



11/16/64



5/24/65



6/7/65



11/22/65



4/11/66



2/8/67



7/10/67



6/5/68



3/1/71



3/15/71



7/26/71



4/23/73



2/4/74



10/28/74



11/11/74



12/23/74



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19TH HOLE continued

HAGLER VS. DURAN

Sir

Thank you for William Nack's article on the Marvellous Marvin Hagler-Roberto Duran fight (Marvellous Was Something Less Than Marvellous, Nov. 21). Knowledgeable boxing fans are aware that Duran is one of the greatest fighters of all time. He has come closer to winning a fourth title than any other boxer in history, and may yet do so. I doubt that a fighter has ever before proved how good he is while losing a fight.

J.J. MARKS
 Chicago Heights, Ill.

Sir

The true measure of a man is his ability to overcome personal adversity, regain his former status and perhaps surpass previous achievements. Roberto Duran has met the test and won on all cards.

JAMES E. WISE JR.
 Alexandria, Va.

Sir

Let's not belittle the accomplishments of Marvin Hagler. He is a champion and proves it each time he steps into the ring. As for William Nack's remark that Hagler, the winner, "stepped out of the ring with \$8 million and his image diminished," he is wrong.

LAURA GOLDSON
 Gainesville, Fla.

Sir

All Hagler did was go out, realize he couldn't knock out a man who just doesn't get knocked out and then defeat him soundly just like any top fighter would. Even Sugar Ray Robinson's image wasn't tarnished when he failed to knock out a dead-game former welterweight named Carmen Basilio in two 15-round middleweight championship fights. Duran and Hagler are both marvellous.

PETER BRUCKER
 Dumont, N.J.

Sir

Hagler won the fight but lost the article. JACK TEAGAN
 Somerville, Mass.

JOE DELANEY (GGNT.)

Sir

Frank Detord's article (Sometimes the Good Die Young, Nov. 7) was the most touching account I have read of the death of Joe Delaney. For all readers who may wish to honor this true sports hero, allow me to point out that a fund has been established for the education of Delaney's children. Contributions may be sent to: Joe Delaney Memorial Fund, c/o Robert Pugh Sr., 555 Commercial Bank Bldg., Shreveport, La. 71101.

DICK MARR
 Prairie Village, Kans.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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